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No. 1,586



APRIL 21, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

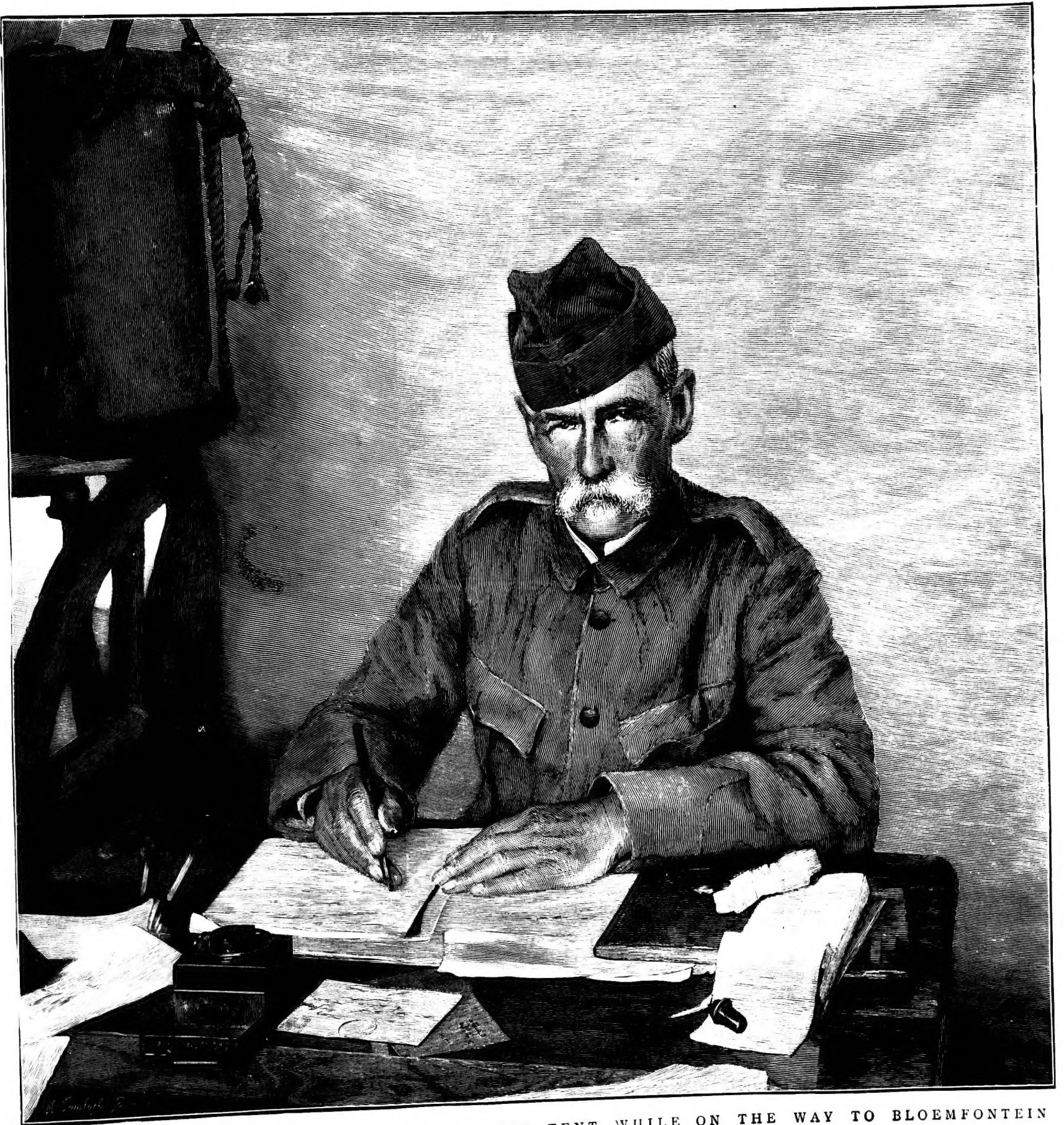
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., IN HIS TENT WHILE ON THE WAY TO BLOEMFONTEIN
From a Photograph taken by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

Topics of the Week

THE sensitive conscience of the Continent is once more shocked by the turpitude of Great Britain. Not content with violating all the commandments on our own account, we have, it appears, cajoled the simple Portuguese into becoming our accomplice. At our bidding Portugal has violated her neutrality, and, so that we may the more easily crush the small but valiant Boer nation, has permitted us to transport troops across Mozambique into Rhodesia. The *jus gentium* never was more flagrantly abused, and the Continental bosom is consequently heaving with indignant emotion. Such is the impression one gathers from the foreign newspapers. It is very sad, but, as usual, it is very exaggerated. In virtue of a Treaty concluded with Portugal in 1891 we enjoy the right to transport "all persons and goods of every description" across the waterways and landways in Mozambique which afford access to our colonies in the hinterland. We have now claimed that right in favour of General Carrington and the Rhodesian Field Force. We contend that the members of that force are "persons" within the meaning of the Treaty, and that the supplies and munitions of war they are taking with them are "goods" within the same meaning. Portugal is not disposed to contest this interpretation, not only because she experiences some difficulty in proving that General Carrington is not a person of some description, but because the point was practically decided in 1895, when British troops and supplies journeyed from Beira to Matabeleland to put down the native rebellion in virtue of the same Treaty. It is difficult to ignore this precedent, for if soldiers were "persons" and munitions of war "goods" in 1895, they are not less "persons and goods" in 1900, even though the enemy they are going to fight be white instead of black. Portugal has, however, another argument in favour of compliance with the British interpretation of the Treaty which is exceedingly pleasant to read when almost every word that reaches us from abroad is unfriendly if not downright abusive. Portugal pleads that Great Britain is her oldest ally, to whom she is bound by numerous Treaties of Alliance, Friendship and Guarantee, that her interests are largely bound up with those of Great Britain, and that she is not disposed to deal churlishly with her. Hence she acquiesces in the obvious meaning of the Treaty to which Great Britain appeals, and makes no attempt to evade it by the pettifogging subtleties suggested by her less Anglophile neighbours. This is exceedingly nice and loyal of Portugal, and it is the more welcome to us since, if she is bound to observe her Treaties, she is not compelled to pay us compliments at the same time, especially as she only brings down upon herself thereby a share of the abuse daily showered upon ourselves. The idea that we want the Pungwe route in order to take the Boers at a disadvantage is, of course, absurd. Had that been our object we should have demanded it months ago. The sole purpose of sending troops that way into Rhodesia is to defend the country against a possible northward trek of the Boers, especially as the time is drawing near when the Transvaalers will have to choose between trek and surrender. There is not the remotest intention of using Portuguese territory as a base for the invasion of the Transvaal. If the Boers do not leave their own country, they need never know that General Carrington is in Rhodesia.

THE Paris Exhibition to commemorate the last year of the nineteenth century has come into being among universal wishes for its complete success. Although the official inauguration found, as is customary on these occasions, more evidence of chaos than of order, there was plenty of evidence indicative of a more splendid international show than has ever yet taken place. It is not to be expected, of course, that any great rush of visitors will occur for some time, but when the deluge once sets in, it promises to be of unequalled magnitude. That the invaders will include a great number of British pilgrims is equally certain. Curiosity even by itself would insure that, but, in spite of "pin-pricking" and "Yellow Press" exacerbations, the inherent goodwill of the English people for their next-door neighbours remains almost unaffected. We do not forget that they were our allies in the Crimea, nor that their newly born and entirely justifiable ambition to establish a Colonial Empire as great and as widespread as our own, necessarily creates chafing wherever the respective spheres of influence come into touch. Happily, there is plenty of room still left in the world for the expansion of both Powers, and it is reasonable to hope that the mingling of the two peoples at Paris, the one as hosts, the other as guests, will lead to mutual recognition of that fact. At all events, there is this to be said for the Exhibition: casting its genial shadow before it, it largely kept in office a Ministry which has been more successful than any of its predecessors in controlling the fierceness of political passions. M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his colleagues deserve the gratitude, not only of their own countrymen, but of all Christendom, for giving political stability to a nation whose strength is absolutely essential if the balance of power is to be maintained.

THE enthusiastic reception accorded to Sir George White since he landed, by all orders and conditions of men, women, and children, will show our gallant commanders in South Africa that, although the British people are apt to wax impatient when victory is delayed, they always recognise in the long run good work well done. The exceptional common sense on which we pride ourselves enables us to perceive that mistakes are inseparable from campaigning; both Marlborough and Wellington committed some. But of Sir George White it may truly be said that, placed as he was in an extremely difficult and even unfair position, through no fault of his own, he finally emerged from it with an unblemished record, both for generalship, personal gallantry, and self-abnegation. Nor did he quit the scene of his exhausting labours and trying anxieties until there had rolled back the apparently inevitable tide of invasion which he was set to check if he could with wholly inadequate means. It is men of this heroic stamp that Englishmen delight to honour, and it would not be going too far to say that even Lord Roberts himself, immensely popular as he is and deserves to be, is not held in higher esteem than the indomitable defender of Ladysmith is and will be for many long years. The Queen, in unison with national sentiment, as she always has been, gave expression to this universal feeling of respect and regard when she personally congratulated Sir George White on his return to well-deserved rest and peace, and, let it be hoped, to robust health.

IT should not have been needed for Sir Alfred Milner and Lord Roberts to remind British society that visitors are very much *de trop* in Africa just at present. Why, indeed, our "globe trotters" are flocking thither is past all guessing. Only the very few have gone with the slightest intention of making themselves useful to the troops, while a moment's reflection would have told the others that there was not the least chance of their being allowed to proceed to the front, if that was their desire. Cape Town, too, although a pleasant enough town in some respects, is not sufficiently attractive to repay the cost and trouble of a long sea voyage. In default of other explanation, then, it can only be conjectured that a good many of these inconvenient visitors were mainly moved by a craving to be as close as possible to the battlefields, with a view to talking about the fighting with an air of superior knowledge on their return to England. Even in the case of those who have near and dear relatives at the front, no benefit can possibly result from going into temporary residence on the littoral. South Africa is a country of "magnificent distances," and there is little more touch between a person at Cape Town or Durban with one at Bloemfontein or Ladysmith than if the former had remained in England. The worst of it is, too, that these unwelcome intruders persistently worry over-taxed officials with all manner of requests and complaints; they apparently assume that their petty vexations are of much more consequence than the organisation of victory.

THE unenviable reputation acquired by Cawnpore as the scene of the most atrocious of all the Nana's horrible doings will be revived by the brutalities just perpetrated by its native inhabitants. After overcoming the little guard at the plague segregation camp, they are said to have tossed the wounded into the flames. In this instance, too, neither religious nor racial antipathy supplied the springs of action; the murdered policemen were fellow-countrymen of their own. The victims' only offence was that, being in Government pay, they helped the higher officials to carry out the only measure likely to be at all effective in staying the plague—the complete separation of the stricken from the non-stricken. In itself, there is nothing in this precaution which in the slightest degree violates caste or outrages religious feeling; it is only applying, in the case of disease, the same system of camping which is keeping millions of starving people alive at the famine relief works. As these miseries, then, do not raise any objection to segregation, but most willingly avail themselves of it when sharply pressed by hunger, there can be little question that the fierce Cawnpore mob—the fiercest throughout Hindostan—must have received instigation either priestly or secular. It should be the concern of the Government, therefore, to push the most searching inquiry into the origin of the disturbances, both at Cawnpore and elsewhere. In the meanwhile, all such riotings should be put down with a strong hand; there could not be a more profound mistake, from the standpoint even of humanity, than to deal leniently with savage mobs capable of roasting wounded policemen to death.

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ONE PENNY DAILY.

The Royal Visit to Ireland

IT is many years since the Queen spent Easter on British soil, being generally away on the Continent at this time of year. It therefore, appreciates the honour all the more, and popular enthusiasm in Dublin has run higher than ever owing to the holiday-makers from all parts of the country eager to see the Sovereign. Old people who had scarcely ever left their homes before will trudge many weary miles or take long railway journeys on the chance of a glimpse of Her Majesty, while Phoenix Park thronged all day with patient sightseers on foot and in every mode of vehicle. Indeed the Queen's drives are rather tedious progresses through the crowds which gather directly the royal daily excursion is known, but Her Majesty never seems tired by the most exuberant displays of loyalty, and generally at a walking pace to allow her people a good view. Nor does the weather daunt the Queen, whose carriage is kept open in spite of wind and rain, being only closed for a few moments in the heaviest downpour. There can be no doubt as to the grandeur of the visit, which has wonderfully knit together Monarch and subjects. The Queen herself is as pleased as her people, and continues in excellent health and spirits.

Though State functions and Court ceremonies are everywhere avoided, the Queen is busy enough during her brief holiday. The first part of the morning is devoted to State business and correspondence, a huge pile of despatch boxes being emptied before Her Majesty starts for her morning airing in the grounds on her donkey chair. Usually this is quite a pleasant drive, but one morning the Queen made an exception in favour of some 1,000 children from Queen's County, who unfortunately, reached Dublin too late to join their comrades last week at the gathering inspected by Her Majesty. The little ones were so bitterly disappointed that the Queen allowed them to muster in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge, and then drove past the lines of excited children. Great was the delight of Her Majesty passing slowly along driving her pet white donkey, with Princess Christian walking beside her, and a Highlander and Irishman as escort. Age, as well as youth, had its chance of seeing the Sovereign when Her Majesty paid a visit to the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham to inspect the inmates of the Old Men's Hospital for Aged and Maimed Soldiers—an institution dating back to the days of "the Merry Monarch," Charles II. Some 140 of these veterans were drawn up in front of the building—picturesque old figures in their quaint uniform of blue piped with red, and three-cornered hats turned up with a cockade. The senior of the party—Hugh Magorian, a man of eighty-one, just a few months older than the Queen, was chosen to present a bouquet to Her Majesty, and it was interesting to note that he wore the first war medal of the Queen's reign—the Gluznee medal. The Duke of Connaught came on the ground just before Her Majesty, and whilst he was chatting with the old soldiers the Queen arrived with Princesses Christian and Beatrice. The Duke presented the various officers, and then called up Magorian to the Royal carriage to offer his bouquet, whilst his comrades fell into line and saluted. Her Majesty shook the old man's hand when thanking him for the bouquet, and smiled pleasantly on the veterans as the Royal carriage drove slowly past the ranks. The Queen takes a keen interest in the various Dublin charitable institutions, asking the particulars of each passed in her daily drives, and as most of these charities have a previous hint of the Royal coming, the inmates are brought outside when possible to see Her Majesty go past. By now the Queen has been through all the chief Dublin suburbs, besides the city itself. Castleknock was paid a second visit, the Queen being greatly pleased with the village, while another specially enjoyable drive was to Lower Finglas, returning to Phibsborough and Ashtown. On the way the Royal party passed Glasnevin Cemetery, famous for the graves of many Irish patriots, notably O'Connell, Curran, and Parnell. The Queen has also driven through Palmerstown to Clondalkin.

A call on Lord and Lady Cadogan at the Castle occupied the afternoon, the Queen being very much interested in going through the State Apartments. Dense crowds lined the Castle yard, whilst the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and few other guests were invited to meet the Royal party. Lord Cadogan conducted Her Majesty through the State Apartments and St. Patrick's Hall, the Royal party afterwards taking tea in the large drawing-room, where the Countess of Limerick played the piano to the Queen. Finally, the guests at the Castle and the Lord-Lieutenant's household were presented before Her Majesty left. Another of the Queen's visits was to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Farmleigh, Lord Iveagh's residence, which they are occupying until their quarters at the Royal Hospital are ready. Possibly Her Majesty may visit the spring show of the Royal Dublin Society, to which the Queen has sent a 100/- cup for the best shorthorn. The most important item in the Royal programme, however, is the review of the Dublin garrison-to-day (Saturday) in the Phoenix Park. Besides the soldiers, a contingent of bluejackets will probably be on the ground.

Congratulations continue to pour in upon the Prince of Wales at his providential escape from assassination. Brussels, where the Prince is most popular, is especially anxious to wipe out the remembrance where the crime was committed, and the people hoped to give the Prince a splendid reception when he passed through on his way home. But, to their disappointment, the Prince is returning another way, possibly via Paris, to have a glimpse at the Exhibition, and so the plan falls through. The trial of Sipido, the would-be assassin, with Meert and Meir, who urged him on, will begin in July, the preliminary inquiry having just finished. The Prince and Princess have been most warmly greeted in Copenhagen wherever they appeared in public. One day they were at the annual Art Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and they also spent an evening at the theatre to see Bizet's *Pearl Fishers*. Various luncheon and dinner parties have been given in their honour by the Members of the Royal Family, by the British Chargé d'Affaires, and by the Royal Shooting Club. Both on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at the English Church, while on Sunday afternoon they accompanied King Christian and the Royal Family to Bernsdorff Castle, the King's summer residence. During their absence Princess Victoria has been staying at Brighton with her sister, the Duchess of Fife, until last Saturday, when she accompanied Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave to their Cumberland Home, Edenhall, Langwathby, to spend a week or ten days.

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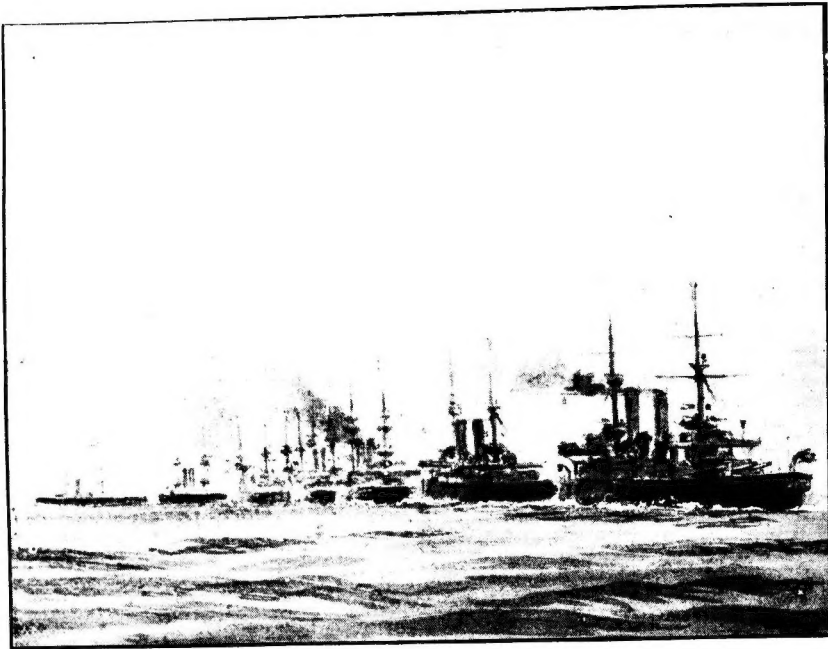
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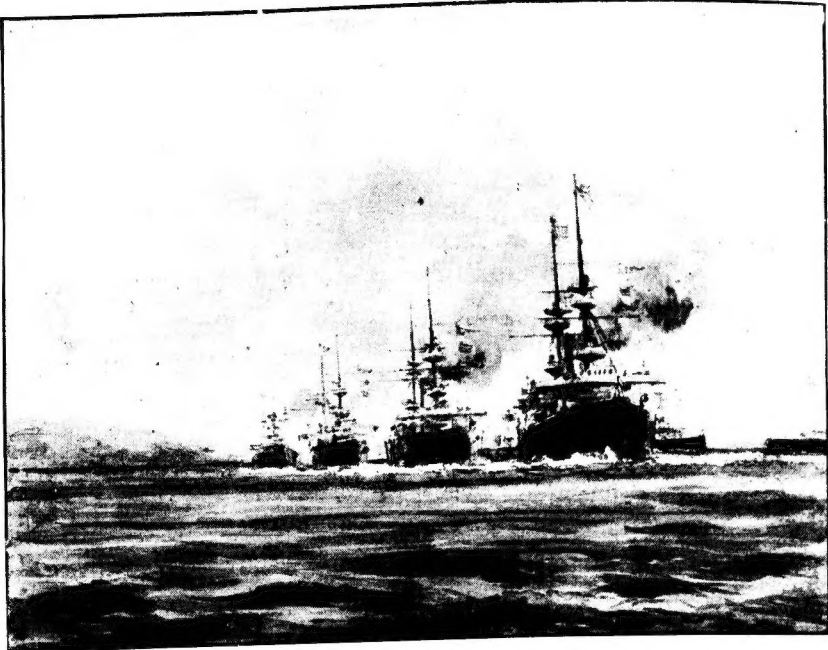
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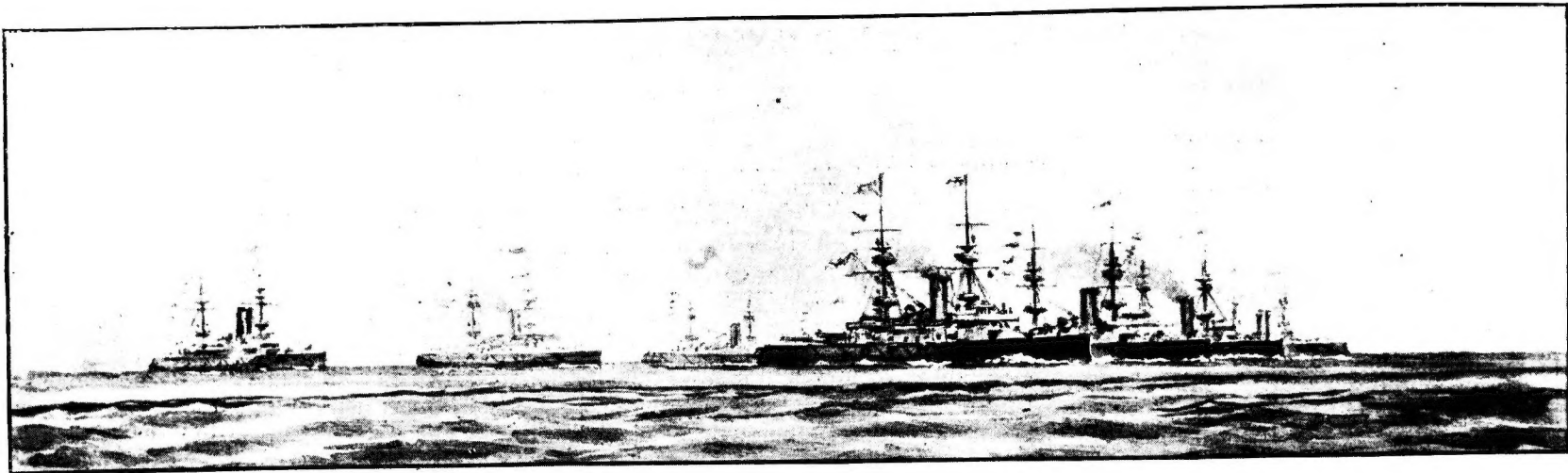
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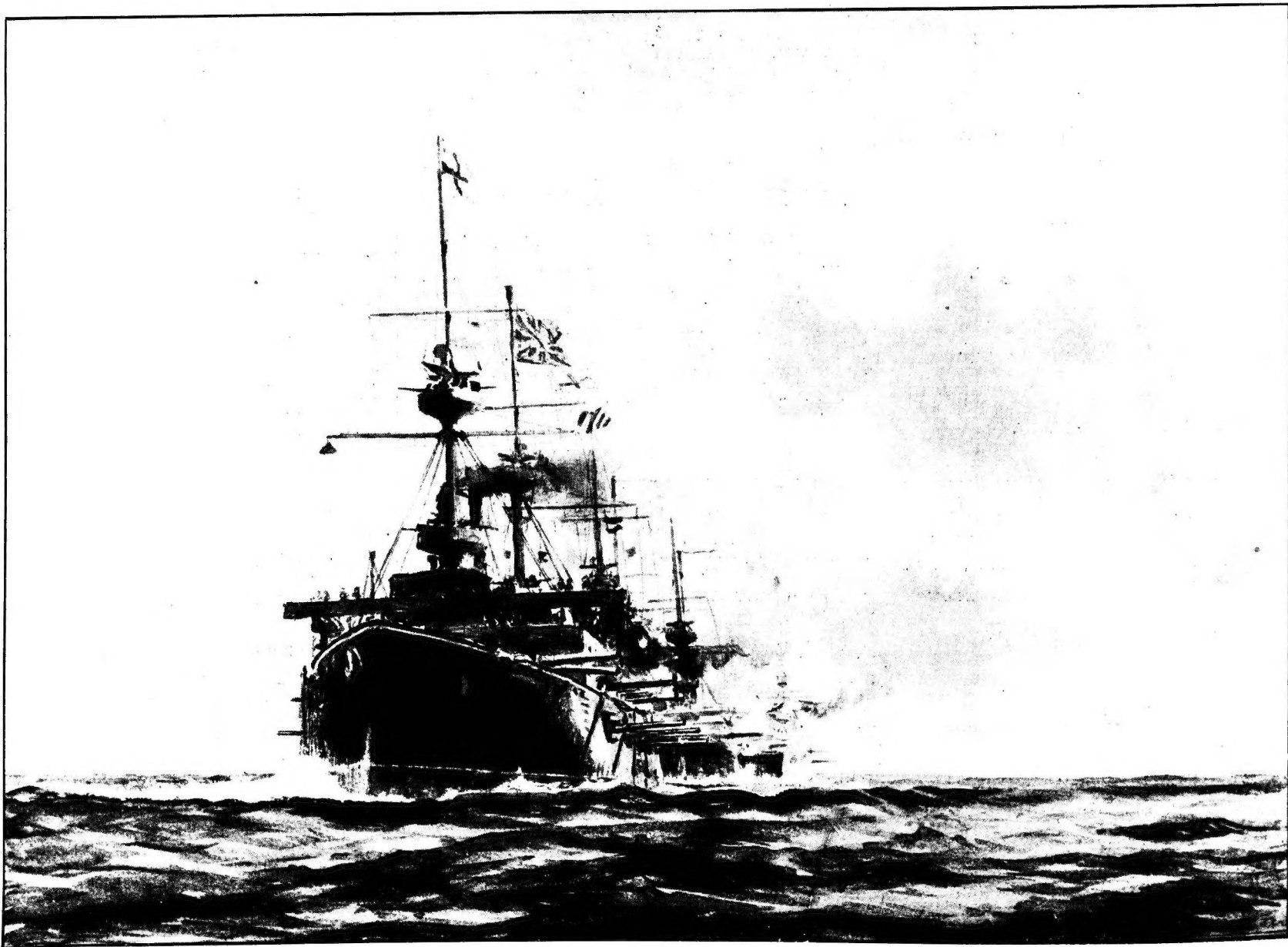
LINE AHEAD



STEAMING OUT OF DUBLIN BAY



LINE ABREAST, COLUMNS DISPOSED ASTERN



GENERAL QUARTERS, GUNS RUN OUT AND TRAINED

Last week, in fulfilment of the programme arranged for the Queen's visit, the Lord-Lieutenant, escorted by a guard of honour drawn from the 1st Royal Dragoons, drove from the Castle to Westland Row in the morning, and took the train to Kingstown, in order to review the ships of the Channel Squadron lying there. His Excellency was accompanied by nearly every member of the house party. At the landing-stage he was met by the pinnaces from the fleet, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. When the ships were

reached the signal went up to weigh anchor, and the eight mighty vessels of war steamed off towards the Kish Lightship, just fourteen miles away. The sea was choppy, and a fresh wind was blowing. The waves were foam crested—"white flowers in the Fisherman's Garden"—as the old Celtic saying has it. Nevertheless, his Excellency and party had a delightful sea trip, returning at 4 p.m. Another Royal salute was given by the fleet as the party journeyed to the harbour in the plunging pinnaces.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: THE NAVAL REVIEW OFF KINGSTOWN

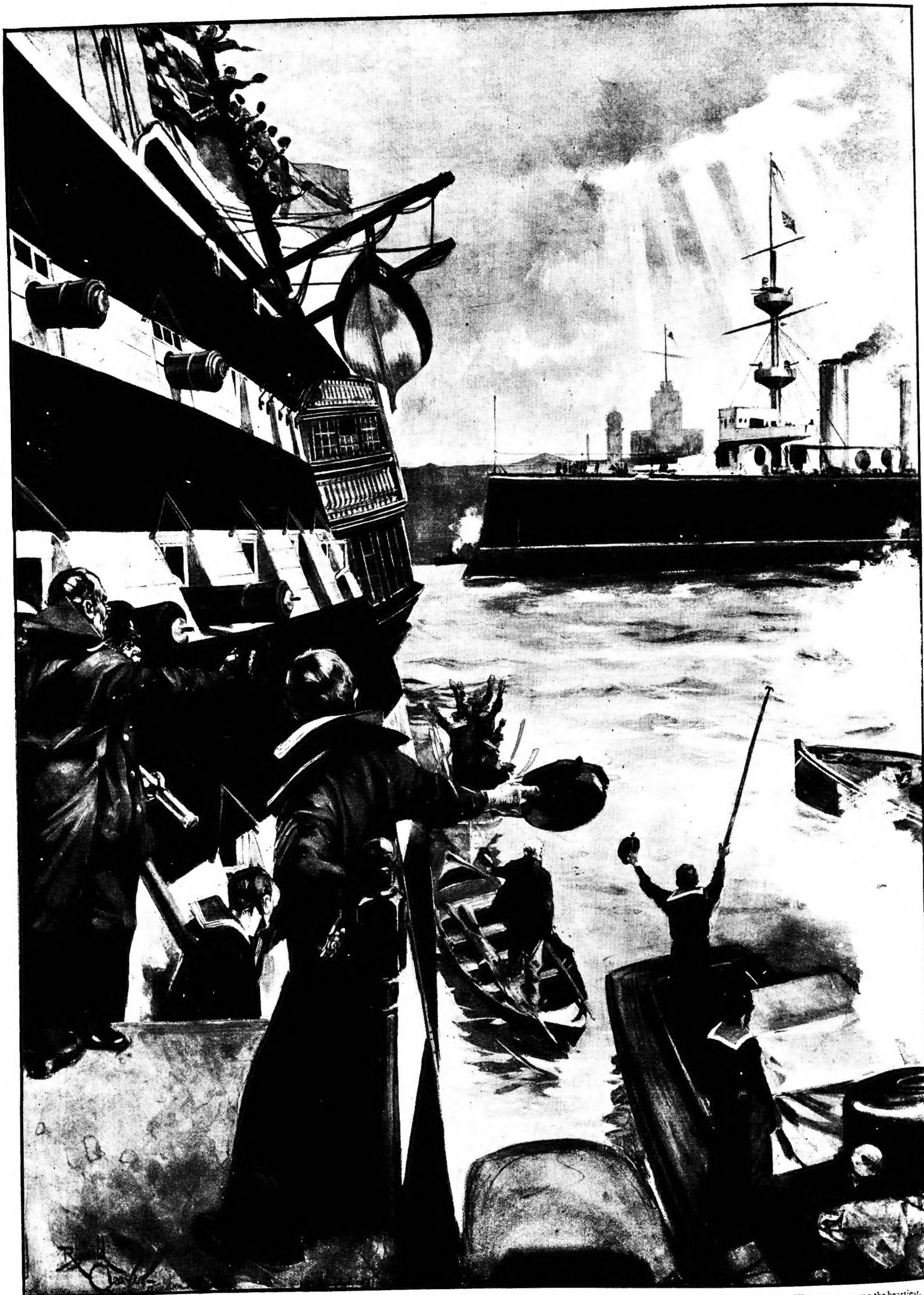
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HAROLD WYLLIE



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. C. MILLS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET
The first State banquet in connection with the Queen's visit was given by the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan in the fine hall of St. Patrick at Dublin Castle. Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg were present, in addition to the guests staying at the Castle

THE STATE BANQUET AT DUBLIN CASTLE IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT

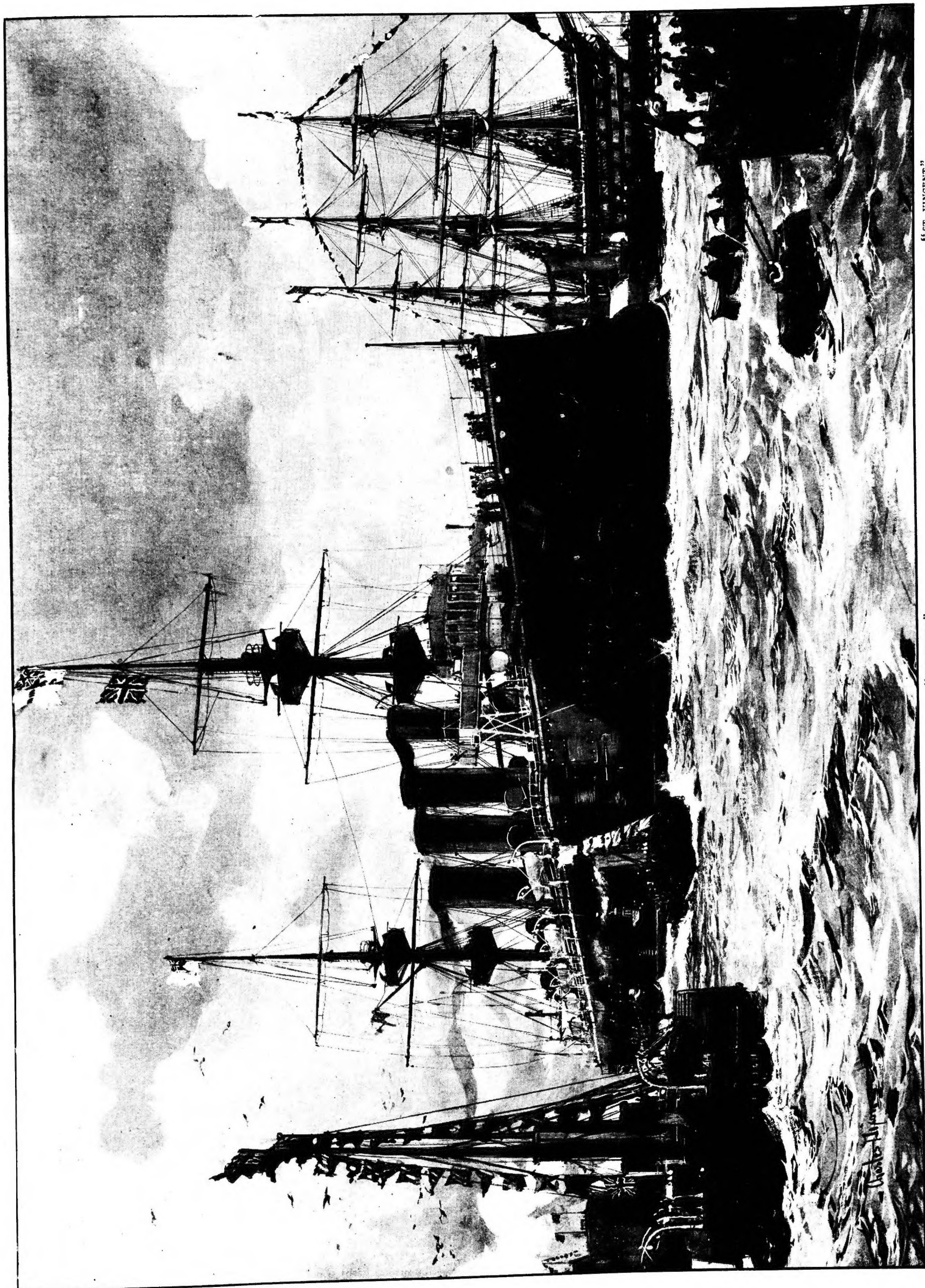


When H.M.S. *Powerful* returned to Portsmouth last week from the Cape, one of the prettiest sights in the hearty welcome accorded to her was that presented by the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, and still the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. The old vessel had a temporary crew bringing up its complement

to the full capacity, and when the *Powerful* steamed up the cheers from the *Victory* were among the heartiest. It was a pretty idea this welcome from the old man-of-war to the men who had done such good work at Ladysmith.

NELSON'S FLAGSHIP WELCOMING THE "POWERFUL" ON HER RETURN FROM THE CAPE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



"ST. VINCENT"

and bass whistles, and cheers, resounding from Portsmouth on the one side the water to Gosport on the other. Strongest of all came the cheers from the boys and tars who manned the yard- and sides of the training ships and war vessels in the middle of the stream. The band in the Head struck up "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," and then "Johnny Comes Marching Home," and finally "Rule Britannia."

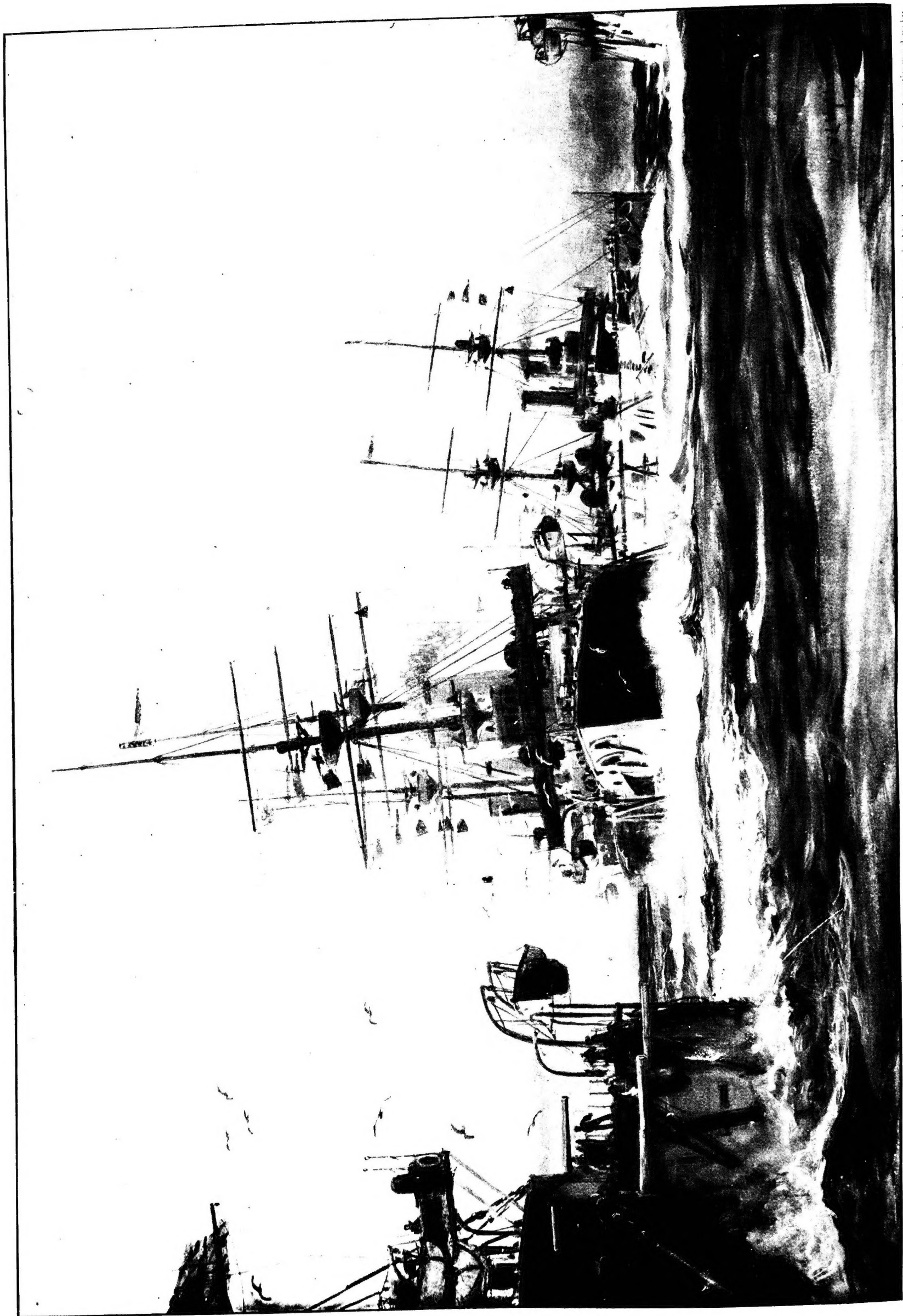
or four gunboats, and then the *Eliza* and the Royal yacht *Albion*, higher up the harbour. All sported their bunting, and there were plenty of flags flying on the breeze. At ten minutes notwithstanding the rumoured flag flying due to the Dublin festivities. At ten minutes to four the lofty masts of the *Powerful* could be seen approaching the jetty, and presently her four funnels rose in sight. Then commenced a babel of joyful noises, such as Jack and his friends and his own musical instruments can produce—a chorus of syrens, foghorns, t bells

"POWERFUL"

H.M.S. *Powerful* arrived at Portsmouth last week from the Cape bringing back Captain the Hon. Hewitt, R.N., and the men of the Naval Brigade who took part in the defence of Ladysmith. The heartiest welcome was given to the vessel. The scene from the jetty was highly interesting. Out towards the sea lay the *St. Vincent*, gay in rainbow bunting. In front was Nelson's flag-ship, the *Victory*, which had donned colours to bid welcome to her formidable descendant. Near by were the *Ilva*, *Trafalgar*, *Magpie*, and *Rosearch*, with three

RETURN OF THE NAVAL DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH: H.M.S. "POWERFUL" ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH

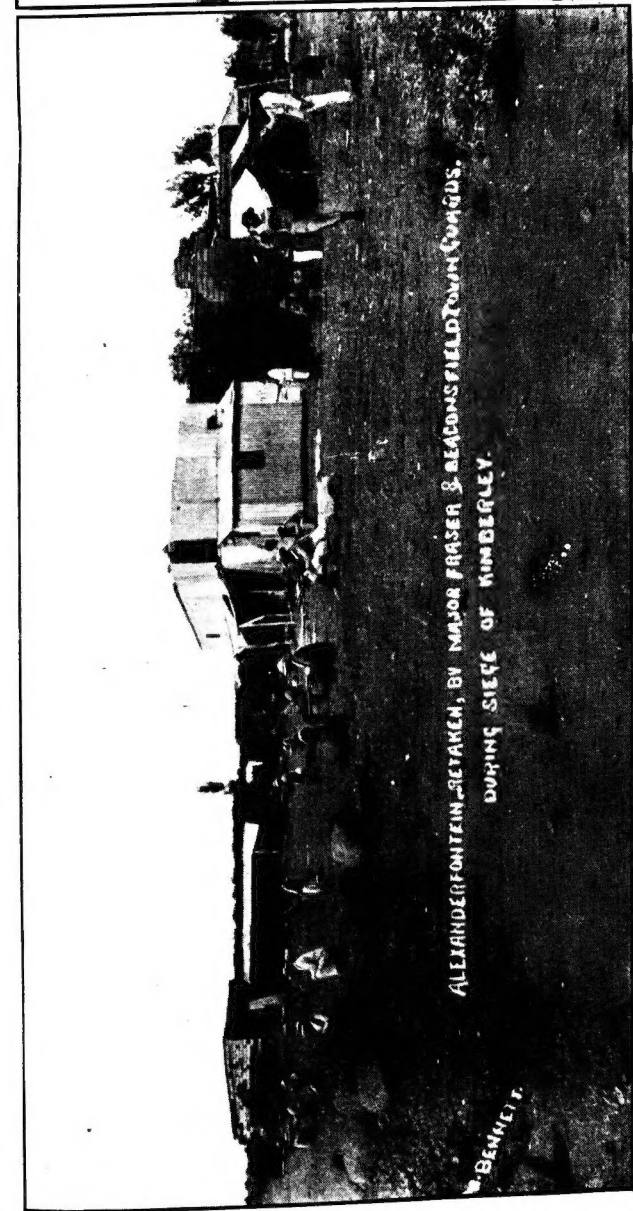
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES DIXON



When the Viceroyal party arrived where the ships of the Channel Squadron were lying a salute was fired, and at noon the battalions moved out to sea. The formation of double line ahead, the *Magnificent* leading one line and the *Magnificent* the other, for some hours, they practised steam tactics over a stretch of some ten or fifteen miles of sea between the Hull of Howth and Bray Head. Behind the *Magnificent* came the *Hull of Howth* and the *Resolution*; behind the latter the *Galatia*, the escorting cruisers, remained in the rear, and some target practice was done by the latter. In the harbour remained the *Princess of Wales* and the *Tacoma*, as well as the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which, being open to visitors, were surrounded by boats.

THE NAVAL FLEET OFF KINGSTOWN IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT - STEAM TACTICS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. L. WATKINS, A.R.A.



General French with the Cavalry Division having seized Dekiel's Drift on the Riet River, pressed on due north to the Modder River, and on February 15 they swept into the plain of Alexanderfontein. The Boers, who held all the kopjes, were driven out, and the column pushed on to Kimberley. Alexanderfontein is a favourite resort of the Kimberley people

ALEXANDERSFONTEIN, THE SCENE OF LAST FIGHT BEFORE THE RELIEF



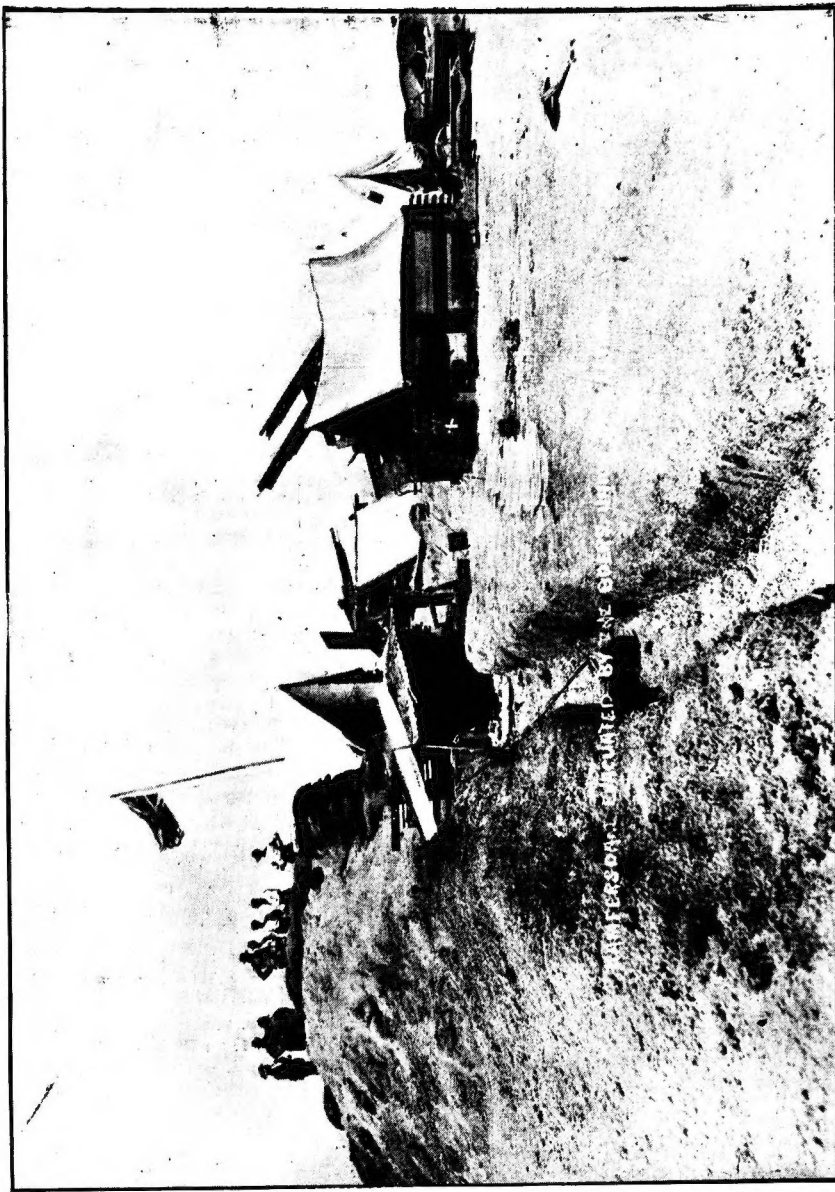
The reservoir was carefully guarded during the siege, a portion of the 23rd Battery Royal Garrison Artillery being deputed to look after the defences

THE RESERVOIR WITH ITS DEFENCES



The model village of Kenilworth is a real oasis in the desert. Here alone in Kimberley are avenues of trees, fruit gardens, and vineries. From these gardens Mr. Rhodes supplied the women and children with fruit during the siege

A VINERY AT KENILWORTH



Kamfersdam is a small outlying mine, about three miles from Kimberley. Early in the siege our men evacuated the place, and it was held by the enemy until the arrival of the relief column. The body of a French engineer, Eugène Léon, was found lying dead near the gun

KAMFERSDAM AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE BOERS

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: SCENES IN AND AROUND THE TOWN

From Photographs by M. Lennett, Kimberley



Heroes from Wadsworth

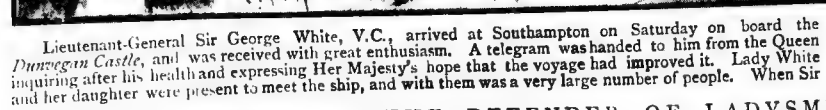
ranged along the shores of Portsmouth and Gosport, cheers the volume of which was swelled by the use of the men on the ships lying in the harbour. In the middle distance lay the training ship for boys, *St. Vincent*; the *Victory*, Nelson's grand old flagship, which is still the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, with a temporary crew bringing up the normal complement to the full capacity; the *Hero*, with her decks crowded with bluejackets; and the *Trafalgar*, guardship. Between these ships were the experimental gunboats of the *Excellent* (gunnery school) and *Vernon* (torpedo school). All the ships were gaily dressed for the occasion. As the *Powerful's* four yellow funnels neared the jetty there began a perfect babel of noises, such as Jack and his friends love to make on joyous occasions—syrens, fog-horns, whistles and cheers resounded from Portsmouth across the water to Gosport. Strongest of all came the cheers from the boys and sailors who manned the yards of the training ships and war vessels. By half-past four the great vessel, with her paying-off pennant flying, was alongside the jetty. No sooner had her hawsers been carried ashore, visitors began to board her, many between husbands and wives, witnessed. Among those assembled were Mr. Goschen, First Lord Michael Culme-Seymour, Commander Aldrich, the Admiral G. W. Lambton, the Hon. George Hamilton, and many others. The state reception by the Mayor and next Tuesday, so there was no going off with their friends.

The *Dunvegan Castle*, with Sir George White, arrived at Southampton on Saturday. Among Sir George's fellow travellers were Mr. Treves, the eminent surgeon, and Miss McCaul, the first nursing sister to enter Ladysmith after the siege. So great was the interest taken in the arrival of the gallant defender of Ladysmith that on Friday night all the hotels in Southampton were full. By the time the vessel arrived a large crowd had gathered in the docks, admission to which was supposed to be by ticket only. The



From a Photograph by S. Cribb

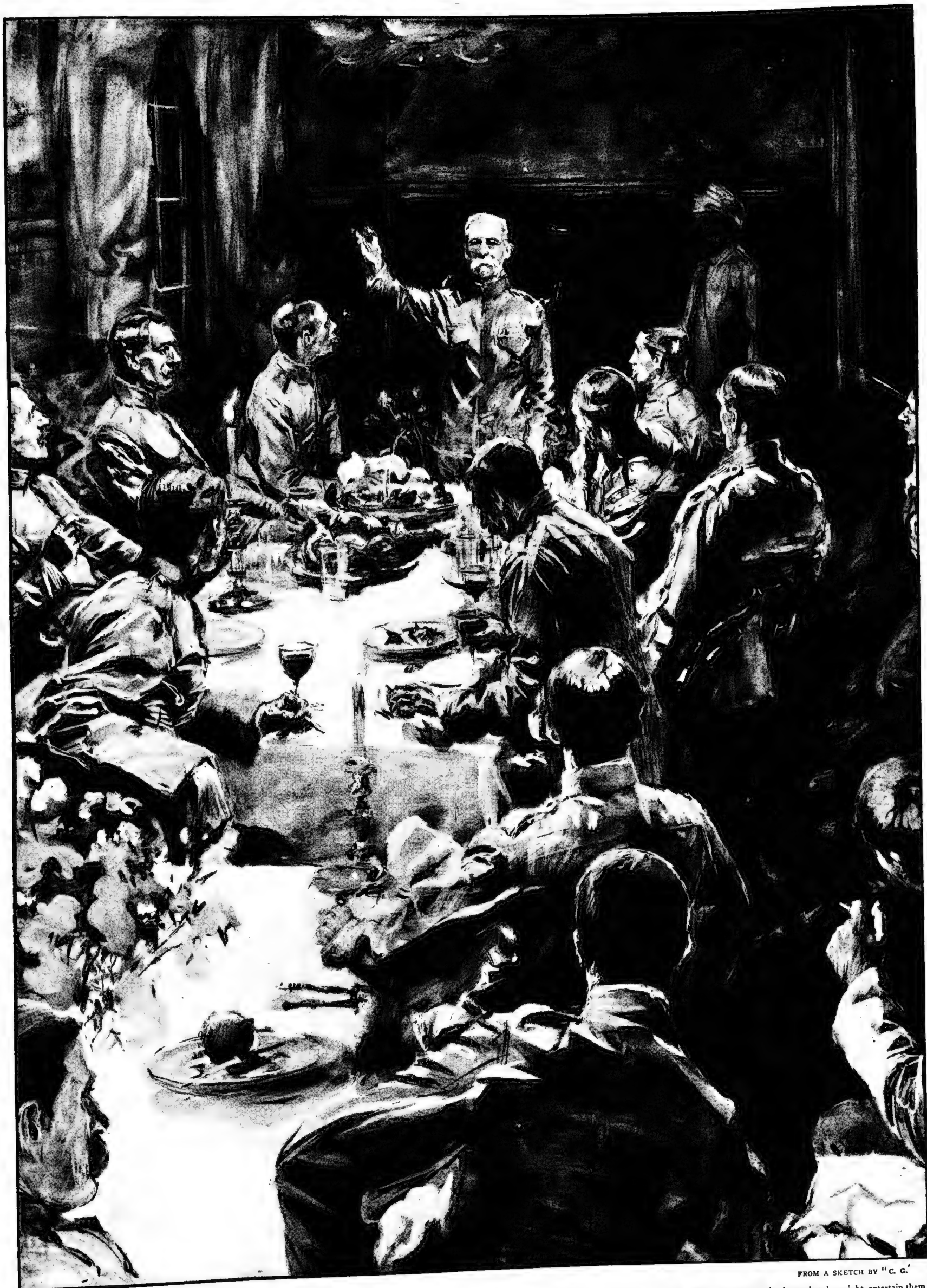
Mayor and civic dignitaries were entertained at lunch on board *Kinfauns Castle*, and it was from her deck that they got the first glimpse of the home-coming liner. The Mayor and his friends returned to the docks to welcome Sir George White. As the vessel neared the wharf that gallant General could be seen on the bridge attended by his two aides-de-camp. Cheer after cheer was raised as he was recognised by the crowd. As the vessel was fast Colonel J. Stackpole, the embarkation officer, called for cheers for Sir George White and for Lady White, which were heartily given. Lady White was waiting on the wharf, and was the first to go on board the vessel. Some thirty telegrams inquiring after his health were handed to Sir George White, including one from the Queen. Asked if he had a message to convey to the English people, the gallant General said: "I am really ashamed to come home; I am so much better. I feel very much the kind of man I have had. I can only say it is not only a compliment to me, but also to the very fine garrison I have commanded." As the vessel landed amid the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," the General was presented with an address of welcome from the borough, to which he replied, concluding by calling for cheers for the Queen.



George White landed, the Mayor of Southampton presented an address of welcome. Sir G. White, in reply, paid a high tribute to the gallantry of the garrison which he commanded. He subsequently left with his wife and daughter for London

THE HOME-COMING OF THE DEFENDER OF LADYSMITH: SIR GEORGE WHITE LANDING AT SOUTHAMPTON

DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY



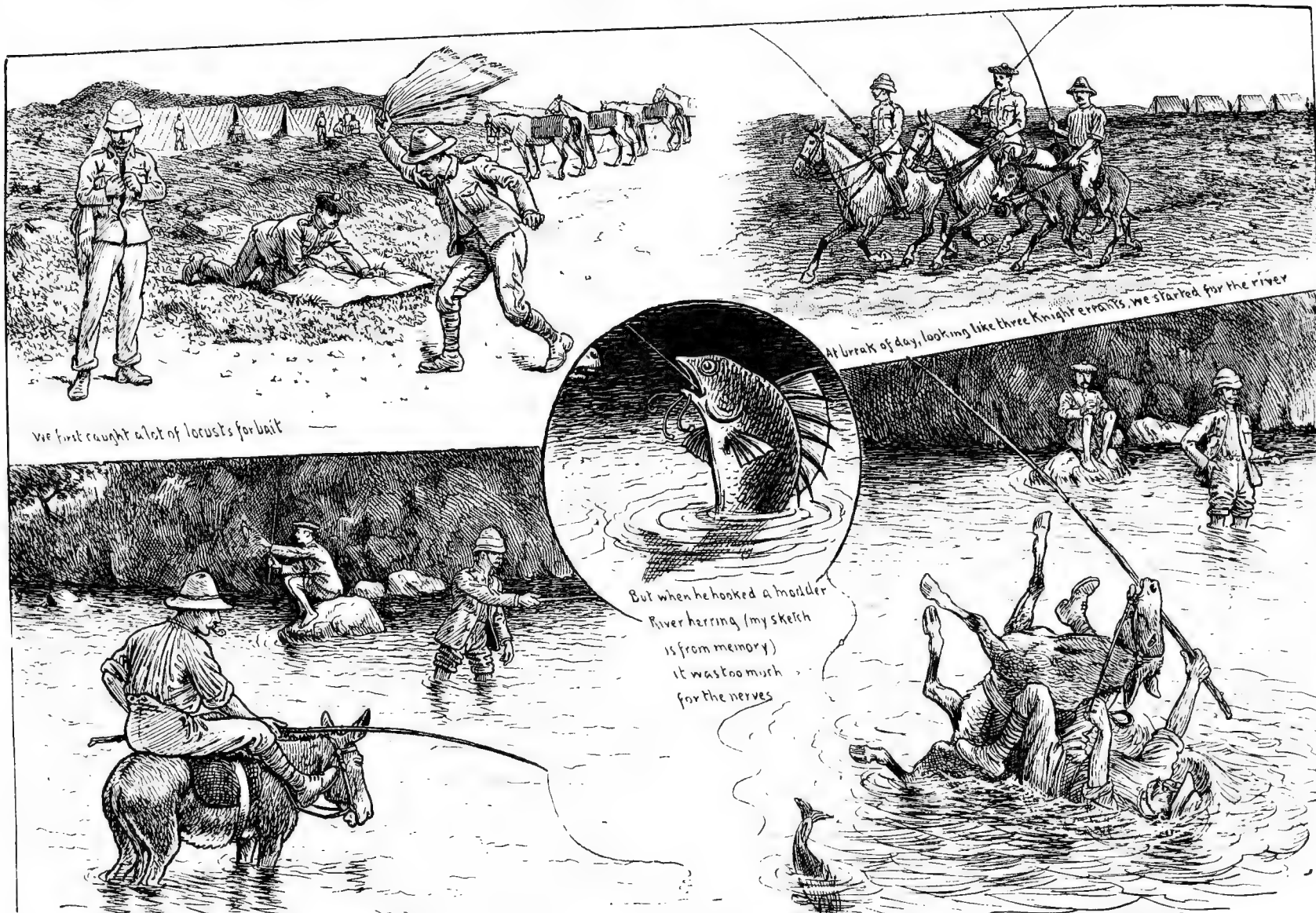
FROM A SKETCH BY "C. G."

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

On the night of March 20 Lord Roberts gave a banquet at the Club, Bloemfontein, at which there were present the Commanding Officers and the Foreign Attachés. In proposing the health of the Foreign Attachés, Lord Roberts complimented them upon the manner in which they had borne the privations

necessitated by their arduous march, and, in conclusion, expressed the hope that he might entertain them next at Pretoria. The Russian Attaché, replying, said that he was proud to have the honour of sharing in so magnificent a march.

CELEBRATING THE ENTRY INTO BLOEMFONTEIN: THE DINNER GIVEN BY LORD ROBERTS AT THE CLUB

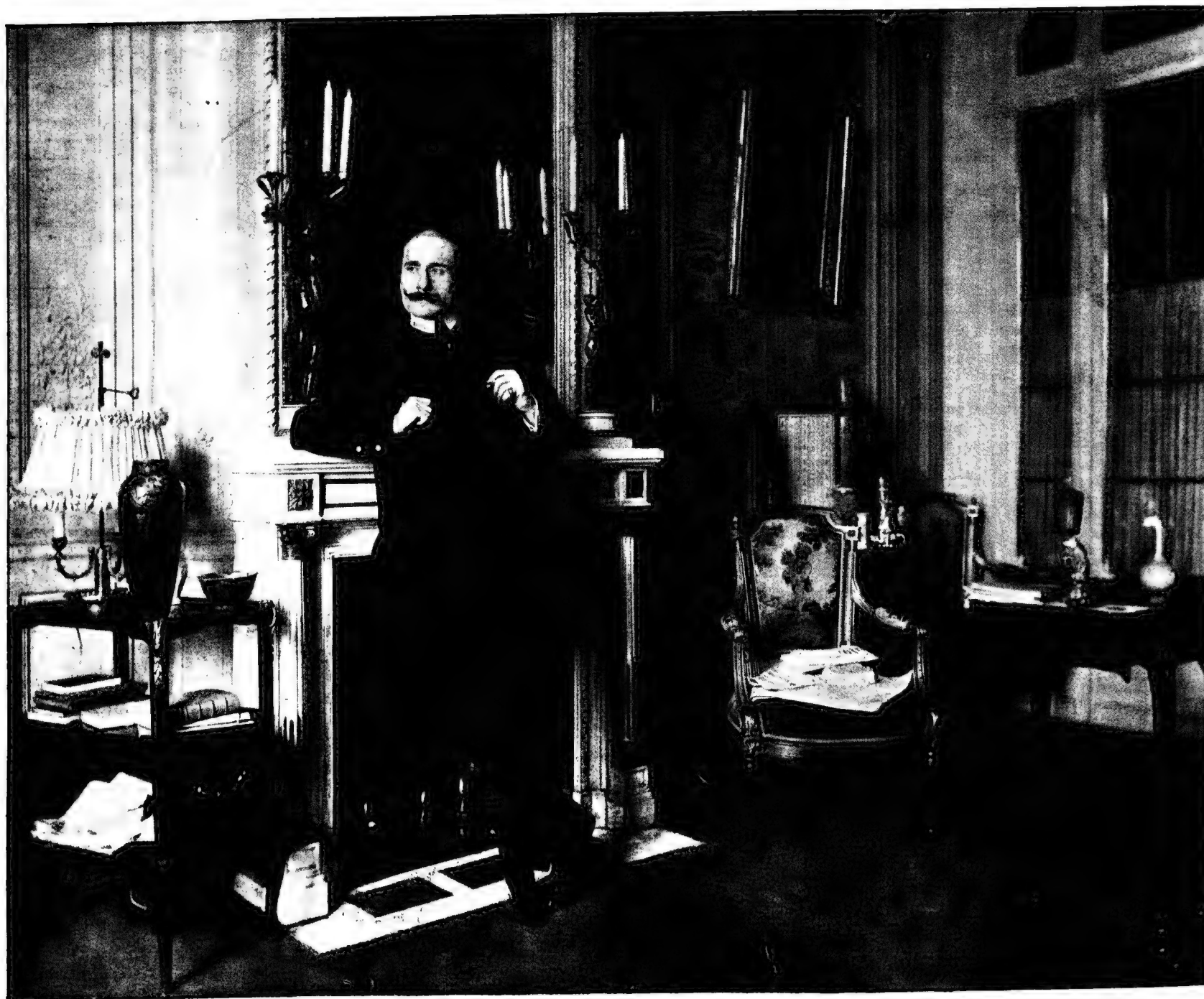


Jones (v.c.) had a mortal terror of damp feet -
DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

Our Special Artist writes:—"There are daily rumours as to an onward move, and the order for this might come any minute. The river here—or, rather, the banks of it—are very picturesque, though the colour of the water itself spoils the effect. Still, it is pleasant enough to get a swim in. Report says that it abounds with

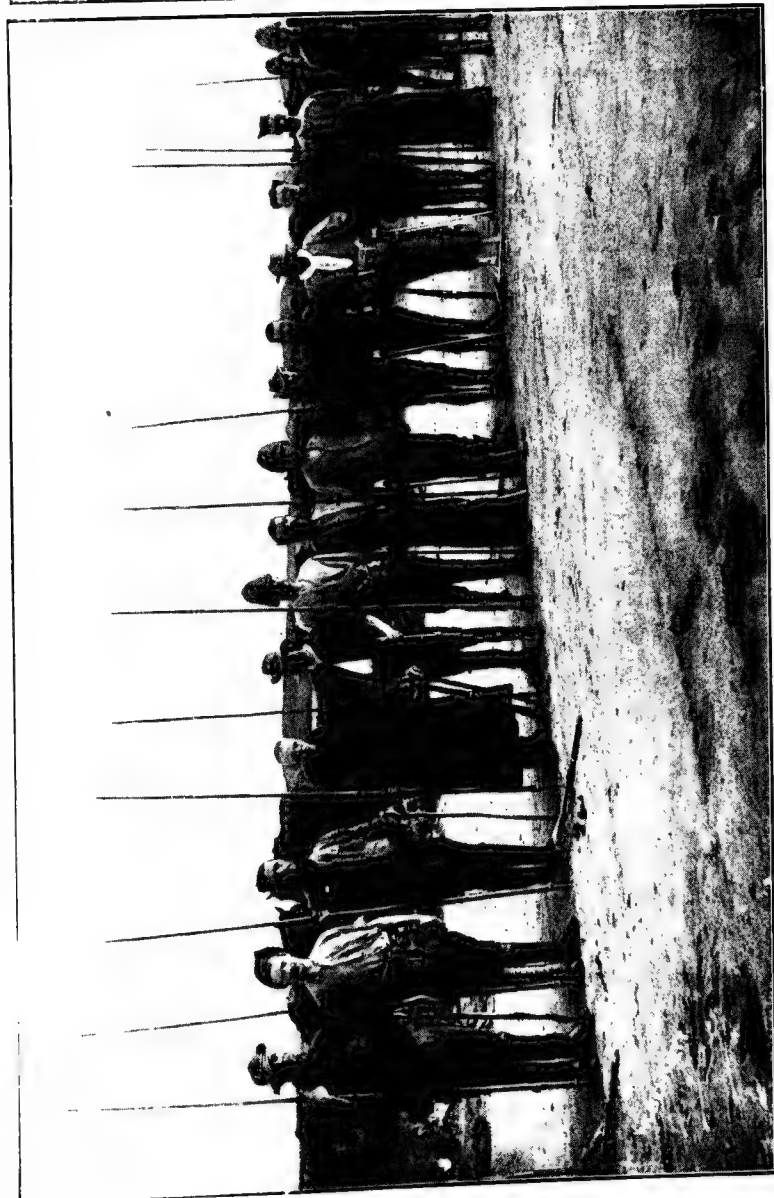
fish—uncanny monsters with beards. One day we attempted the capture of them. The best bait was said to be locusts, and a hunt after them was an excitement in itself. Some one had a few fish-hooks, and one of the long waggon whips furnished a rod."

AN ANGLER'S STORY FROM THE FRONT: A FISHING EXPEDITION ON THE MODDER RIVER

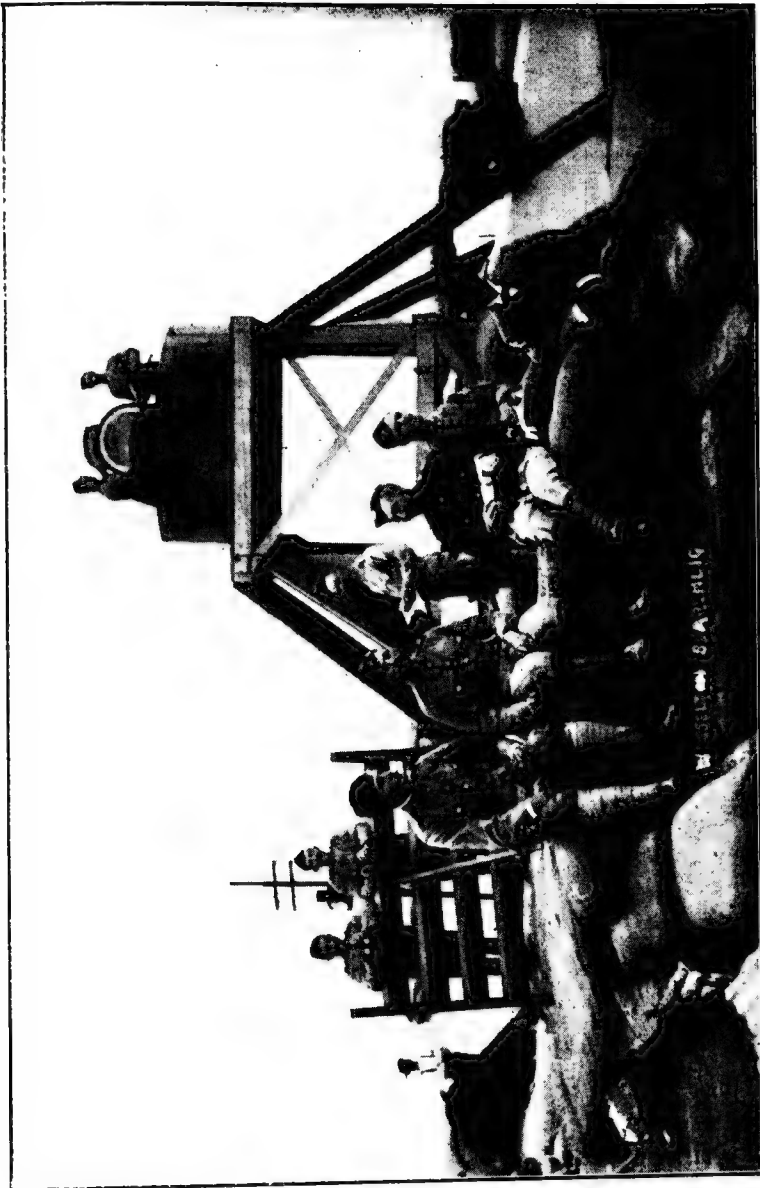


THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON": M. ROSTAND AT HOME

From a Photograph by Dornac



There were three Lancer regiments with General French's Cavalry Division, the 9th, 12th and 16th. It is said that clothes and horses are badly needed, but it is to be hoped that the troops are not reduced to the condition shown here
LANCERS OF THE KIMBERLEY RELIEF FORCE



The Wesselton, or Premier Mine, about a mile east of the Du Toits Pan, is worked on the open principle of the De Beers Company, to whom it belongs. On the shaft of the mine a searchlight was erected during the siege
THE SEARCHLIGHT AT KIMBERLEY



A considerable number of Australian troops took part with General French's Relief Column. Among them were the Queenslanders, who, with other Colonials, after the entry into Kimberley, pursued the enemy to Dronoveld, where they drove the Boers from their position
QUEENSLANDERS WHO FORMED PART OF THE RELIEF FORCE



The Sanatorium is situated midway between Kimberley and Beaconfield, on the rise near the hospital. It occupies a commanding position, which is considered to be remarkably healthy. Round the building during the siege was a camp of considerable size
THE SANATORIUM CAMP

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: SCENES IN AND AROUND THE TOWN

From Photographs by M. Bennett, Kimberley

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Candid Criticism

THERE were two outstanding items of war news during the past week which equally inspired us with a sense of anxiety and a sense of relief. One was the despatch of Lord Roberts, dated February 13, criticising the operations at Spion Kop, and the other was a secret telegram from Mafeking, dated April 7, which conveyed the joyful news that Baden-Powell's gallant garrison had still provisions enough to last it two months, that is, till the beginning of June. That was most encouraging news; but what shall be said of the despatch of our Commander-in-Chief in South Africa in which he criticises the reports of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren, and finds that "the gratifying feature in these despatches is the admirable behaviour of the troops throughout the operations."

But as for the chief commanders of those heroic troops Sir Charles Warren is charged with "errors of judgment and want of administrative capacity;" and Sir Redvers Buller is criticised with almost equal severity. "Whatever faults Sir Charles Warren may have committed, the failure must also be ascribed to the disinclination of the officer in supreme command to assert his authority, and see that what he thought best was done." And again, "I am of opinion that Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft's assumption of responsibility and authority was wholly inexcusable." In penning this candid despatch Lord Roberts shows courage of the highest kind, and that the Field-Marshal is as cool as he is courageous is proved by the fact that he was concentrating his mind on those painful questions, which had nothing to do with his immediate task in hand, on the very day at De Kiel Drift, Riet River, when his cavalry leaders were engaged in carrying out the great turning movement that resulted in the relief of Kimberley and the "Sedanning" of Cronje. There is something almost Napoleonic in this cool detachment of Lord Roberts's mind to the consideration of a subject alien to the one which had such a burning and immediate interest for him, and the country may well repose the fullest confidence in a commander who does not shrink from candid criticism, especially when it may prove of such inestimable value for the future conduct of the campaign. What the nation now looks forward to is equal candour in the Field-Marshal's comments on the disasters of Koorn Spruit and Reddersburg; though, in the meantime, he has indulged in comment of a kind as significant as it is silent by the ordering home of General Gatacre, and his supersession by General Chermide, a sapper, in the command of the 3rd Division, while General Pole-Carew has received the 11th Division.

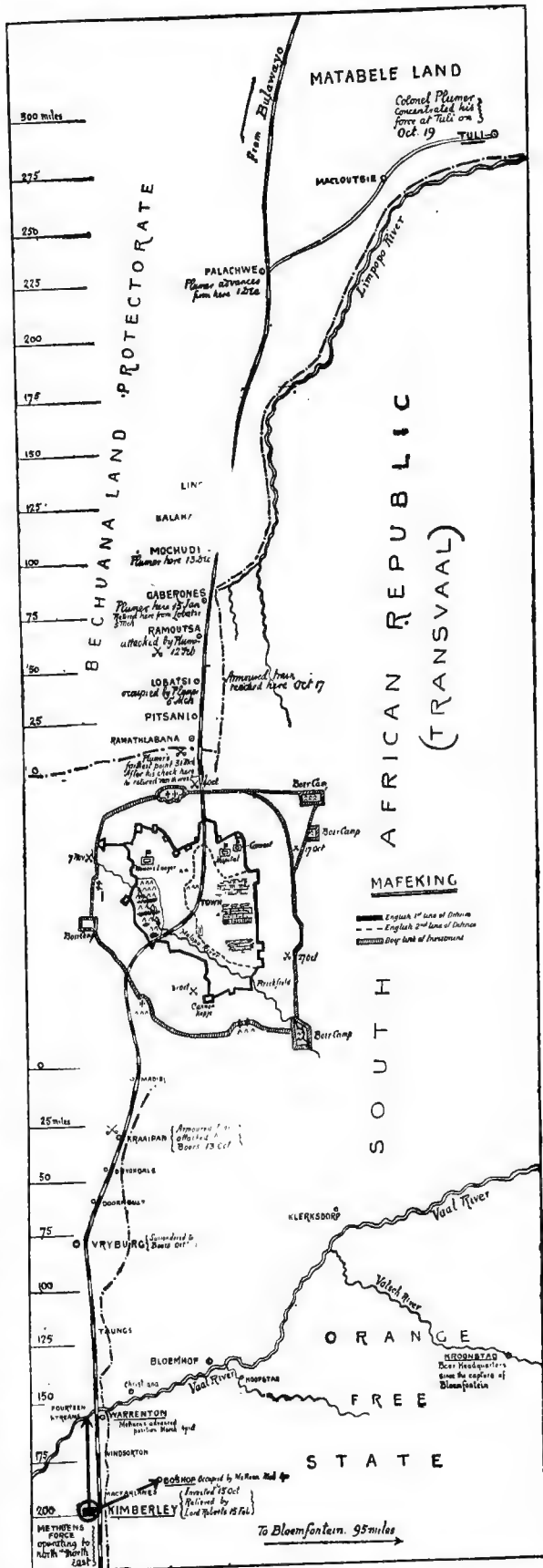
The Fog of War

With this new shuffling of the cards Lord Roberts may be expected to play a better hand than before, though it is not yet a case of *cartes sur table*. That is to say, the fog of war still hangs more thickly over some parts of the seat of war than ever before. This is more particularly the case in Natal, where Sir Redvers Buller has prohibited the sending of Press telegrams till further notice, though this can only be interpreted as meaning that he is in course of carrying out operations of which he wishes as little intelligence as possible to reach the Boers. His sporadic fighting about Elands Laagte was not of a very serious nature, though it seems to have been followed by the wanton destruction of some collieries by the Boers, about whose barbarous conduct in this respect Lord Roberts has probably addressed another remonstrance to Pretoria, just as he has had to expostulate with President Kruger on his harshness to colonial prisoners, who are viewed by the Boers with especial abhorrence. "I must remind your honour," wrote his lordship, "that all prisoners in my command are equally well treated, whether burghers or foreigners. The utmost care is taken of your sick and wounded, and no distinction is made between them and our own soldiers. I invite your honour's early attention to this letter, and request that orders may be given that the men of the colonial forces be released from gaol and treated as prisoners of war, and also that the prisoners at Waterval be provided with overhead shelter, and the sick and wounded properly cared for, in accordance with Article 6 of the Geneva Convention." Moreover, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, it is stated that the Transvaalers have already taken measures for the blowing up of the gold mines in British possession as an act of final vindictiveness should the campaign go against them, as it is absolutely bound to do. In respect of Boer vandalism it is interesting to read the evidence of a soldier in the Devonshire Regiment, who writes: "When we stopped at Newcastle we went into the house of the manager of the coalpits. There was not a thing left whole in the place. A piano in one room was smashed to pieces; the Boers had even knocked out the grates and smashed them to bits. In one house everything was broken except a photo of Gladstone." It was to the scene of their depredations hereabout that the Boers of Botha, their new Commander-in-Chief, lately descended from their entrenched positions on the Biggarsberg, in order to have a slap at Buller's force while it was changing its position, though it never came to a general engagement, and the chief honours of the day again fell to the Naval Brigade section from H.M.S. *Philomel*, which, with their 4.7 gun, soon silenced the Boer long-range fire. Our loss was only four killed and eight wounded, while a telegram from Pretoria describing the same affair amusingly said that General Botha's surprise attack upon the British camp at Elands Laagte caused tremendous casualties among General Buller's troops. More than 150 shells were thrown in less than an hour among the troops who were drilling in the camp. After "putting the British to flight in the direction of Ladysmith, the Federals returned to their old positions with the loss of only four mules and a few horses"—a worthy pendant this to the fabled engagement at Meerkatsfontein in the Free State, which resulted in the killing and wounding of 600 British and the capture of 800—the remainder of the force. No wonder that Mr. Michael Davitt cannot remain any longer among a people whose Government passes Press telegrams like this, and also circulates rumours that Colonel Baden-Powell was either dead or dying of fever at Mafeking.

Mafeking Still Defiant

On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the heroic

and resourceful "B.-P." is as quite as much alive as ever he was. On the 7th inst., Mafeking, with two months' provisions still in store, was stoutly holding out against another furious bombardment, though it has now given up all hope of being relieved by Colonel Plumer, not because he himself was wounded in an engagement with the Boers at a point only six miles from the besieged town, but because his column is not strong enough to break through



The above sketch plan of Mafeking shows the Boer trenches and the British lines of defence round the town, with the localities and dates of the principal fights which have taken place between the besiegers and besieged. Above and below the plan (though not, of course, upon the same scale) there is a map of the country between Kimberley and Tuli. The margin is divided into spaces of twenty-five miles, measuring from Mafeking north and south, and the advance of Plumer from the north and of Methuen from the south is shown step by step. Plumer, it will be remembered, got to within a few miles of the town on the north, and was then checked (on March 31) by the Boers. Since then he has retired, and, according to the last reports, is "strongly entrenched to the north-west of Mafeking." Part of Methuen's Division, of whose advance very little is known, is at Warrenton, on the Vaal, and at Boshof, north-east of Kimberley.

MAP SHOWING THE ADVANCE FROM THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH FOR THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING

the Boer lines of investment. Telegraphing on March 30, Lady Sarah Wilson said:—"There was a terrific bombardment on the 27th, lasting for six hours, with the 100-pounder, four high-velocity guns, small guns and Maxims—a cross fire from three sides. Our casualties were few, as all remained below ground. The Boers expended many hundreds of shells, and an attack was apparently meditated, but abandoned. The opinion prevails that young Cronje has returned here and is trying to avenge Paardeberg." On the other hand, it was the chief preoccupation of "B.-P." to repeat Paardeberg upon his besieger, Snyman. "All promises well," he wired, "for the eventual cutting off of this force of the enemy if

we can hold Snyman here." Equally with us at home the Mafeking garrison is quite in the dark as to measures that have been taken for its relief, especially from the south, but it must have been greatly comforted by the news of the outer world which was carried into it by Lieutenant Smitheman, a renowned Matabele scout, of the Rhodesian Horse, who performed the double brilliant feat, not only of riding into the town through the Boer lines, but also of riding out again and returning to Plumer's camp. It now appears that Plumer's loss on March 3, when he himself was struck, was two officers and six men killed and three officers and thirty-seven men wounded, and one officer and eleven men taken prisoners. After its repulse, Colonel Plumer's little force took up a strongly entrenched position to the north-west of Mafeking, of which the prospects, on the whole, do not seem to us much more hopeful than they did some time ago, for its stock of ammunition left is only equal to its store of provisions. Young Cronje, in all probability, will still be baulked of his natural desire to avenge the capture of his father.

Another Siege

After the siege of Mafeking the most interesting incident in the seat of war has been the siege of Wepener, on the Basuto border, and if we could only feel as easy in our minds as to the fate of the former place as we are with regard to the latter, we should all be happy. With a portion of General Brabant's Colonial Division, Major Dalgety—a worthy namesake of the valorous Kittis of Drumthwacket, especially in the matter of throwing "sconces"—took up a strong and well-provisioned position at Wepener, and for more than a week defied all the efforts of Olivier's Boers to shell him out of his trenches, though with a total loss of twenty killed and 100 wounded—which is about the average proportion of what these two kinds of casualties have been in all the actions throughout the war. With the Basuto eagerly watching the incidents of this investment from the hill overlooking Wepener—ready to defend the neutrality of their soil should the necessity arise, and with the knowledge that three British forces, or at least two, under Brabant and Rundle were converging towards Wepener from Rouxville and Reddersburg—it was no wonder that Olivier's people began to feel "jumpy" and to become prey to divided counsels—the more so as several of their commandants had been killed and at least one of their guns put out of action. Indeed, the behaviour of the Boers in returning to the southern portion of the Free State and settling down before such a place as Wepener has lent some flavour of truth to the statement made at Pretoria that Louis Botha is now the only real General the Boers have, and that all the rest are "old women." For in detaching so large a portion of their strength to attempt the capture of Wepener, they were exposing themselves to a risk out of all proportion greater than the promised advantages of success, and thus minimising the chances they have of defending the great entrenched position—"a second Plevna," forsooth!—while their main army is said to be taken up to the north of Brandport. When Lord Roberts is ready to move his 70,000 men—apart from the 15,000 who are holding his railway line of communication between Bloemfontein and the Orange River—the Boers will find that they have a much more hopeless business on hand than the mission of their delegates, who are now contributing to the gaiety of nations by visiting the various capitals of Europe with the view of procuring conditions of peace which Sir A. Milner lately declared to be absolutely impossible.

Lieutenant-Colonel Buchan commands the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, and led them most gallantly at Modder River. He is second in command of the 1st Canadian Contingent. Our portrait is by Sheldon and Davis, Kingston, Canada.

Lieutenant-General Sir H. C. Chermide, who has been appointed to the command of the 3rd Division, in place of General Gatacre, was born at Wilton, near Salisbury, in 1850, and educated at Eton. He entered the Army in 1868. Sir Herbert Chermide was Military Attaché during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8; served in Egyptian Expedition of 1882; was in the Egyptian Army in 1883; served in the Sudan in 1884-8; was Governor-General of the Red Littoral in 1884-6, and commanded the Egyptian Nile Frontier from 1886 to 1888. He was H.B.M. Consul for Kurdistan 1888-9; Military Attaché, Constantinople, 1889-96; and British Military Commissioner in command of H.M. troops in Crete in 1899. Herbert Chermide went to South Africa in command of the 1st Brigade. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to the illustration in our Special Ladysmith Number of the Wesseltown Searchlight at Kimberley, points out that the man by the light on the right of the picture is Mr. Stanley Chavasse, who worked the light during the siege of the town. The other man by the light is Mr. Gardner Williams, the manager of the De Beers Mine.

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT J. C. HYLTON-JOLLIFFE, of the Norfolk Regiment Mounted Infantry, died of wounds received at Paardeberg during the advance of Lord Roberts's force to Bloemfontein. Our portrait is by H. Walter Barnett, Park Side.

Lieutenant Henry Norman Field, of the 1st Battalion the Devonshire Regiment, was killed at Ladysmith during the second assault on the town. Lieutenant Field was third son of Mr. Justice Field, formerly of the Calcutta High Court. He served under Sir William Lockhart with the Mohmand Field Force, and also with the Tirah Expedition. He distinguished himself at the battle of Elands Laagte, being first with his company into the Boer battery.

Brevet-Major Arthur William Calvert Booth, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was killed in the recent fighting near the Bloemfontein waterworks. Major Booth served throughout the Hazara Campaign in 1888, and in the operations on the Niger in 1897-8.

Lieutenant Percival Hugh Santo Crowle, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Crowle, of 36, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, was killed at Koorn Spruit, March 31. He was educated at Manor House, Clapham, and afterwards at Downing College, Cambridge. He studied law, and passed as a solicitor in 1894. He was a lieutenant in the University Volunteers. At the outbreak of the war Lieutenant Crowle was travelling round the world. He hurried from Sydney to Cape Town and joined Roberts's Horse, receiving a commission as lieutenant. He was present at the relief of Kimberley, and was the officer in charge who captured a Boer convoy, including General Botha's waggon, and also thirteen prisoners. General French promised to mention him in his despatches. Our portrait is by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

Captain Alexander Frederic Wallis, of the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment), was killed at Arundel. Captain Wallis joined his regiment in 1887, and obtained his captaincy in 1896. He served during the operations in South Africa in 1896, and was in the mounted infantry detachment of his regiment during the present campaign.

Musical Notes and News

WE have already announced that an International Musical Exhibition is projected at the Crystal Palace from mid-June to the end of September, and certain details have since been settled. The idea is believed to have originated with Sir Arthur Sullivan, now one of the directors of the Crystal Palace. Sir Arthur has constituted himself Chairman of a Committee of Advice, upon which a large number of gentlemen prominent in musical life have been invited to act. In connection with this Exhibition it has also been determined to hold a brass band contest on an imposing scale. A Challenge Trophy, valued at a thousand pounds, will be competed for, the winning choir holding it for the year, besides taking a cash prize of 75*l.*, while other prizes in cash, cups, medals and so forth, valued at 165*l.*, will be offered. The contest will take place on Saturday, July 21. The Exhibition proper will seek to illustrate the progress of music during the nineteenth century, that is to say, from the time when Beethoven and Schubert lived and worked, and Mozart was a recent memory, to our own so-called "advanced" days. There will be a loan collection of instruments, MSS., portraits and music, and, it is hoped, a fairly complete collection of nineteenth century musical instruments of all sorts, including pianos, organs, violins, military and other instruments, national instruments and appliances. Also it is proposed to give performances of old music on the instruments of the period, although it is hoped that the stupid idea, suggested in some quarters, of dressing up the performers in the clothes of the last or the previous generation will not be carried out. An exhibition of the improvements made during the century in music engraving and type printing is not likely to be the least interesting feature of this highly interesting enterprise.

During the week beginning July 23 there will be at the Paris Exhibition a Musical Historical Congress, which it is hoped will be attended by a large number of French and foreign musicians. Among the subjects to be discussed are the system of transcription adopted for ancient music, the Byzantine notation, the Gregorian and plain chant, and the origin of the sonata and the symphony. There will also be a discussion upon musical reforms in church, dance and other music.

The opera company engaged for Covent Garden and the rest of Mr. Grau's artists will sail next Saturday from New York, some of them by French steamer for Havre, others by North German Lloyd for Southampton. The troupe will, at any rate, assemble at Covent Garden on May 7, so that they will have a full week for preparations. As, however, during the first week or two, at any rate, the repertory will be confined to well-known works, elaborate rehearsals will be unnecessary. The season, as we have already said, will commence with Madame Melba as Juliet, and during the first week we shall probably also see Madame Calvé as Carmen and Santuzza and Madame Lances as Aida, that being her first appearance in the character in London. Mlle. Miranda, the Australian *débutante*, will also appear early in the season.



MAJOR-GEN. SIR HERBERT CHERMSIDE
Appointed to command the 3rd Division



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BUCHAN
Commanding the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry

M. Edmond Rostand

M. ROSTAND, who took Paris by storm, and has been scarcely less successful in his capture of London and of London's critics, is a man of many gifts, and a man, moreover, on whom fortune has persistently smiled—smiled, that is to say, until within the last few weeks. Young, wealthy, happily married, and successful, everything seemed within his grasp, but for the moment his good fortune seems to have deserted him. In the hour of this second triumph in Paris with *L'Aiglon*, and of the almost simultaneous appearance in London of one of our greatest actors, and certainly our most delightful actor, in the title-role of his first success, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, he has been struck down by a serious illness which seems loth to relinquish its hold upon him. To the majority Edmond Rostand spells *Cyrano*, and they might be puzzled to mention his other work, except, maybe, the brilliant *L'Aiglon*, which is now delighting Paris. The dramatist, however, was but just over twenty when the Théâtre Français produced the *Romanesques*, a version of which is shortly to be given by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. This poetical phantasy, if it did not make Rostand as a dramatist, made him a poet, the Parisian Press, headed by M. Francisque Sarcey, hailing him with acclamation. Sarah Bernhardt, to her credit, recognised at once the new star in the literary firmament, and the *Romanesques* was followed by *La Samaritaine* round which silence has fallen, and in 1895 by *La Princesse Loiraine*, both written for the great Sarah. M. Sarcey did not like *La Princesse Loiraine*; to him it was obscure, fatiguing, and painful. Paris in general cared for it little, and London practically ignored it—London with one exception. Mr. William Archer admired it unreservedly, and said so. To him it was singularly subtle and beautiful, and when its author blazed into notoriety with the great *Cyrano*, he had the satisfaction of feeling that his critical acumen had led him to detect the dawn of genius in the earlier work. *Cyrano de Bergerac* has been and is still much criticised, but whatever faults it has its merits far outweigh them, and whether read in the study or seen on the stage it is delightful. To quote Mr. Archer for a moment, its master qualities are two: "Its inexhaustible, scintillating wit, and the fertility of dramatic invention displayed, not so much in the general scheme as in details of scenic effect, and with artful interplay of dialogue and business." The piece will not bear examination from the prosaic or rationalistic point of view, but its poetry, its style, and the music of its diction alike compel admiration, and its pathos, even when most fantastic, sometimes approaches the sublime. *L'Aiglon*, with its wonderful moving picture of the young Duc de Reichstadt, was written for Sarah Bernhardt, who, as before said, was one of the first to recognise M. Rostand's talent. The portrait of the hero may upset historical students, but it has provided the tragedienne, stimulated by the success of her *Hamlet*, with another magnificent opportunity of showing her genius in male parts. For the moment it is attracting all Paris. In the future it also may draw all London, and, in the meantime, one can only wish its brilliant author a speedy recovery from the serious chill which he caught while rehearsing it.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"ZAZA"

THE clever Madame Réjane was the great attraction in MM. Berton and Simon's play *Zaza*, which a couple of seasons ago was drawing all Paris to the VAUDEVILLE Theatre. Her successor in the American version of this piece, brought out on Easter Monday, for the first time in this country, at the GARRICK, is Mrs. Leslie Carter, the American actress, whom we all remember swinging by the clapper of the great bell in the huge coloured posters of *The Heart of Maryland* at the ADELPHI. Mrs. Carter is also clever and attractive, and if her powers have not quite so wide a range as those of her Parisian rival, she has force and passion, and is skilled in the art of bringing to a climax a scene of passionate excitement. The verdict of the first-night audience at the GARRICK was favourable, but the pictures of life behind the scenes in the rather riotous provincial music-hall are somewhat disagreeable in their uncompromising realism, and altogether *Zaza* is not a piece to be recommended *virginibus puerisque*. Its heroine has, thanks to her faithful friend and "coach" Cascart, risen from the forlorn position of an ignorant gutter child to be the bright particular star of this indecorous establishment. She is surrounded by worshippers from whom she delights to extort homage, and there is one above all on whom it is her whim to bring to bear her arts of fascination—Bernard Dufresne, a Parisian gentleman, who, with his old college chum Rigault, amuses himself by haunting the stage and the green-room of the Alcazar at St. Jettienne; but *dum copimus copimur*—at least, so it often happens in this perverse world. *Zaza* falls helplessly in love with Dufresne, and is persuaded to desert the music-hall and fly with him to some quiet country retreat. One day her dream is rudely shattered by the news that her lover's occasional visits to Paris are due to his having a rival there. *Zaza*, who in her furious moods is not a person to be trifled with, hurries up to the capital to confront her. The impending "scene," however, is frustrated by the discovery that the lady is simply the faithless Dufresne's wife, and *Zaza*, touched by the artless talk of his little daughter, withdraws without revealing herself. The great scene is in the fourth act, in which *Zaza* makes confession to her lover of her visit to Paris, and is assailed by the furious Dufresne with bitter invectives, and even with insulting epithets, while *Zaza*, in a frenzy of passion, reproaches him with his cruel deception. The *dénouement* is simple. When Dufresne returns from a long visit to America he finds that *Zaza* has become a great star—a kind of Yvette Guilbert—in the fashionable garden theatres of the Champs Elysées, where he seeks her out with some remains of the old infatuation. But *Zaza's* dream has faded under the influences of her absorbing ambition to rise in her profession; the vision of his little child moreover haunts her, and she bids him go back to his home. Such is the play. Its incidents are not wholly unfamiliar to playgoers; but in spite of the disagreeable nature of many of its incidents, and the pervading tinge of coarseness and vulgarity, there is a certain directness in the working out of the story which serves to give some freshness to the theme. Mr. Stevenson plays Dufresne with a moderation which is effective, and Mr. Mark Smith's Cascart is a good sketch of a type. The rest of the extensive cast call for no particular comment, with the exception of Miss Therese Berta, who played a child part with marvellous self-composure and precision.

"THE PASSPORT"

The revival of Messrs. Stephenson and Yardley's three-act farce, *The Passport*, at TERRY'S Theatre, serves to exhibit the comic powers of Mr. Edward Terry and his excellent company to the best advantage. *The Passport*, originally brought out at the same theatre about five years ago, is a very amusing piece. Mr. Terry, as the British tourist in trouble with the Russian police; Miss Gertrude Kingston, as the charmingly puzzle-headed and forgetful lady who gets her friends into trouble by accepting the offer of a stranger to travel with him under a joint passport, her own having been mislaid; Mr. Lionel Brough as Mr. Terry's phlegmatic partner, who marries this lady, he hardly knows why; Miss M. A. Victor, as Mr. Terry's wife; and Miss Annie Hughes, as Markham the maid, are all diverting; and other parts are cleverly played by Mr. Compton Courtis and Mr. Ben Webster. The farce is followed by the trial scene from "Pickwick," which engages the services of the entire company.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT P. CROWLE
Killed at Sanna's Post



THE LATE LIEUT. J. C. HYLTON-JOLLIFFE
Died from wounds received at Paardeberg



THE LATE MAJOR A. W. C. BOOTH
Killed at Sanna's Post



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. N. FIELD
Killed at Wagon Hill



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. F. WALLIS
Killed near Arundel

VICTIMS OF THE WAR



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. S. WATKINSON

The Boers threatened to flood Ladysmith, and built for that purpose a dam made of thousands of sandbags across the Klip River. The dam was never completed, but the finished portion measures 150 feet by 60 feet, and the height above the water is 20 feet. Since the relief of the town our men have been engaged in destroying this pet contrivance of the Boers

DISMANTLING THE DAM CONSTRUCTED BY THE BOERS IN ORDER TO FLOOD LADYSMITH



Major E. Forde, R.A.M.C., is attached to the 18th Brigade (Sixth Division). Our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, has sent us this photograph of Major Forde at work in his field hospital at Paardeberg

IN MAJOR FORDE'S FIELD HOSPITAL AT PAARDEBERG DRIFT

HMP

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK



"Warburton threw off the painter and put up the tiller. The loom flew over and the canvas cracked. 'Hi!' called the fisherman in alarm. 'No, my man, I want not your help,' said Warburton. 'I will manage the boat myself.' The space separating them widened swiftly."

CHAPTER III.—(continued)

WARBURTON was in no way irritated by these signals between them. He stepped indifferently into the dinghy, and was pulled out into the open water, where the fleet rode, rolling in the swell. The fisherman jumped aboard his boat and set about hoisting the sail. This took him some time, and meantime Warburton sat in the stern watching. He had not missed the point of the reluctance with which his request had been granted. The anchor was already up and hung at the prow.

"There's your coat in there," said he, nodding to the dinghy, and the man, obeying the suggestion, stepped over the side into the smaller boat. Warburton threw off the painter and put up the tiller. The boom flew over and the canvas cracked.

"Hi!" called the fisherman in alarm.

"No, my man, I want not your help," said Warburton. "I will manage the boat myself."

The space separating them widened swiftly. The man cried out between anger and amazement.

"Oh, go to the devil!" says Warburton imperturbably, and threw up the tiller. The freshening breeze struck her, she began to hum like a top, and, heeling over, flew out across the bar. He laid the course towards the northern point round the corner of which the island of Lynsea was hidden. It was now three in the afternoon, and there were several hours before the fall of darkness. Warburton considered that he had time enough to

carry out what he was come for. The wind took him abeam, and, whistling merrily, drove the cutter through the huge rollers of open sea at a great pace. No time had passed when he turned the point at a safe distance, and began to run down upon Lynsea under a stiff breeze which was now full abaft. Warburton was not an expert sailor; to confess the truth, he knew very little about the sea; and what he did now he was accomplishing mainly by guess-work. The rudiments of navigation were vaguely appreciated. His mind floated about among them, very much as his boat now bobbed upon the tide that made for Lynsea. Yet where once his mind was set, nothing might turn this obstinate fellow. He had resolved to reach the island and make some investigations, and he would not go back until this object was effected. Yet, save to a sailor's eye perhaps, there was nothing in the prospect of the sea to alarm. The sun grew warmer, the water brighter, and the cutter dipped her beak and galloped faster than ever. It was a pleasure to live in such a race, and the blood sprang more rapidly in Warburton's body—all his arteries pulsed with satisfaction. In a very little time he had slipped down upon the south-western margin of the island. This was very rugged to the eyes, bearing the brunt, as it did, of the rough storms that blew along the coast. The cliffs were fully one hundred feet in height, and descended sheer to the sea. They were naked, jagged and misshapen—most stern and inhospitable guardians of that remote domain. As the wind bore Warburton closer his attention was caught by the figure of a woman upon the summit.

He made this out to be a woman even at that distance by the skirts that were driven and blown with the wind. He fancied, too, that she held one arm to her hat, or it might be that she screened her eyes from the sinking sun in her seaward gaze. The current was spinning about the outlying rocks, drawing faster and faster under the wind; and even upon Warburton's unskilled mind it dawned at last that he was piloting among many perils. He spied beneath the green water a great stretch of blackness which he guessed to mark a reef, yet with the wind and tide it was now too late to avoid the path. He kept the tiller firm, and she jumped gallantly to the danger, steering into the open water with a little grinding sound below. At the same time he heard a wild crying above, as it were out of Heaven, and looking up, regardless of his rudder, he saw the woman upon the cliff, now nearer, still shaken and torn with the wrangling winds. He could not hear her words; they were lost in the roar; but guessed that she meant to warn him.

"What is the use?" said he grumbling. "The devil is in this boat. She has taken the bit. They may warn me; but what I want is that someone shall catch and stop her."

In the nick of time he put the tiller round, and upon the verge of the great rocks at the foot of the cliff, where the waves were breaking white in a tireless, pitiless assault, the cutter stopped, turned, and with a kick slid past the point, and, backing into the new course, danced away for the Gut.

From here to the shoreward side the island stretched for about a mile, and it was upon this northern quarter that the house stood. The coast, though broken as upon the other faces, was low in parts and thickly wooded, and upon the slopes behind Warburton could see sheep and cattle. The tide still ran, for by an odd criss-cross of currents, due to winds and the configuration of the land all the body of that water seemed to be posting hard for the channel which separated Lynsea from the mainland. In

the Gut itself, as Warburton found afterwards, was a great race of seas, tumbling and heaving perpetually, with a quick current beneath, ever drawing towards the rocks. For this reason the narrow road to the mainland was rarely used; and there was another reason and a better reason which will appear later.

Warburton steered the cutter under the land, and, spying a pebbly beach in a little cove that opened pleasantly, he put her nose ashore. In a few minutes she had grounded, and he leaped out. Making the boat fast he walked inland through a great grove of waving tamarisks. The path was twisted and closely beset, so that he could not see to what he was advancing, and the house burst upon his view next with the suddenness of a surprise, as he turned a bend in the narrow path. It was by no means large, but had an



"He was startled by a voice in his ear. 'You are welcome, Mr. Warburton,' it said. 'If you had only said you were to arrive we would have met you.' It was Sir Stephen Carmichael that stood at his elbow, very bland and venerable, supporting himself upon his stout stick."

ancient look, and stood upon a rise at the back of an ample garden, much sheltered by trees. Warburton's gaze went to it upwards across a reach of bewildering pleasaunce pied with flower-beds. It peeped among the trees, its eyes twinkled on a broad green lawn, and down avenues of pine and oak and fir, interspersed with patches of border, in which the spring flowers were rising. A white portico fronted the garden, opening upon a white stone terrace, from which descended white stone steps.

Warburton had barely made these few observations when he was startled by a voice in his ear.

"You are welcome, Mr. Warburton," it said. "If you had only said you were to arrive we would have met you."

It was Sir Stephen Carmichael that stood at his elbow, very bland and venerable, supporting himself upon his stout stick.



"Step by step he won his way forward. The shingle slipped from under him, but he moved on, crawling on hands and knees, and making use of the few tufts of grass that had sought harbourage here and there. The ascent took him ten minutes, but he accomplished it, and came up to the quiet figure."

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE
By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is amusing to see by the papers that the subject of sitting on the floor in preference to the modern custom of resting on chairs is once more being revived. I see in some quarters the name of Sir James Crichton Browne is mentioned in connection with the subject, in others an American doctor is credited with the invention, and various names, more or less celebrated, have been mentioned as associated with the idea. There are some amusing lines, parodying Eliza Cook's old verses, "The Old Arm Chair," in *Truth*, from which I venture to quote the following stanza:—

To the hours we pass, in its snug embrace,
Full many of life's worst ills they trace!
To repose in it in the usual way
Is bound to shorten our lives, they say:
And if upon health we set due store,
Our place, they hint, is upon the floor:
Henceforth they would have us all forswear,
The daily use of the Old Arm Chair!

It is pleasant to find interest in the matter is once more awakened, but the notion is by no means a new one. It must be at least a year and a half since it was first introduced to the public in this column, and received due comment in the journals of the day. The proposition to establish a Flooral Club was well received by my numerous readers, and the letters I had with regard to the general adoption of the system, for and against, were countless and voluminous. If anyone can claim to be the originator of the scheme, I am inclined to think it is the Bystander.

Can anyone tell me why an absurd invention of our ancestors continues to exist? I allude to that horrible and useless pierced ladle called, I believe, a "sugar-sifter." And it is rightly so-called, because it sifts the sugar everywhere but where you want it. Over the table-cloth, on your sleeve—anywhere but on your plate. It must have been invented as a practical joke by our ancestors, and because it is ornamental we have tolerated it ever since. An ordinary spoon would do the work of the sugar-sifter efficiently, and there would be none of the inconvenience and waste attached to the old-fashioned implement.

The lament in this column with regard to the possible destruction of Rosherville Gardens has been the means of my receiving many letters from various quarters on the subject. Among them is one from Mr. Harry Hems, giving interesting particulars of the gardens and their surroundings, as well as other pleasantries which have long ago been obliterated by bricks and mortar. Among other things, he says, "But why did you not mention Spring Head and the water-cresses? No one who was anyone ever went to Rosherville without visiting Spring Head, where the cresses grew, and where we crossed the stream on a pontoon bridge, only one plank wide, and sometimes fell in!" I am afraid I must plead guilty to being a nobody. I never went from Rosherville to Spring Head in the days of my childhood: such a combination of wild adventure in one day would have been quite too much for me. I have, however, visited the place in later years, in company with my old friend, E. L. Blanchard, and I remember his being mightily amused at my project of a Cress Cure which I proposed to there establish. I am glad to learn that Rosherville Gardens is to be spared—at any rate, for the present. It will be opened this year as usual, and we may again have the chance of "spending a happy day." Let us hope, however, that the alarm has not been useless, that those living in the neighbourhood have by this time been convinced of the importance of the gardens as an open space, and let us hope that if ever the place ceases to be a private speculation it may become a public park. Such a fate should have been secured for Vauxhall, Cremorne, the Surrey, Highbury Barn, and other gardens which have now been altogether obscured by bricks and mortar.

With regard to the latest electric lighting in the West, it seems to be well adapted for the broad thoroughfares, but when it comes to the narrow streets I fear there will be some difficulty. Of course, in the first instance all the lamp-posts are in the middle of the road, in the second they have to be placed some distance within the curb. And then you will get a blinding light into the first and second floor windows. Unless the lantern on that side is shielded I am inclined to think there will be a great many complaints. Though there may be some who might be glad to have their room illuminated for nothing, the majority will object to living in a blaze of light all night.

It is scarcely likely that the proposal to establish an additional Bank Holiday will meet with much favour. The inconvenience, the dislocation of the machinery of London, and the general discomfort which we are compelled to endure four times a year are scarcely in favour of an addition to such occasions. Official holidays are rarely popular, and I know many working men—*real* working men, mind you—who are distinctly opposed to the Bank Holiday as at present conducted. Holidays are an excellent thing, and as long as we can get our work done, let us have as much leisure and relaxation as possible, but why—and I have asked this question very often—should we all be compelled to take our holidays at the same time? Why cannot one portion of humanity mind the shop while the other takes a holiday? Why shut up the shop altogether and all go merry-making at the same time? After all it is a melancholy thing wandering about London—or anywhere else—when most of the shops are closed, and it certainly adds a keen enjoyment to leisure so see other people hard at work. Those who are bent upon promoting the new idea would serve their fellow creatures more effectively if, instead of trying to establish another official holiday, they were to devise some plan whereby holidays could be taken at different times, and the general well-being and arrangements of the kingdom in nowise interfered with. With many of the real working-classes the official holiday is strongly objected to.

THE GRAPHIC

A Veteran Painter

ON the 20th of this month Mr. Carl Haag celebrates his eightieth birthday, and the moment seems fitting for taking a glance back at the career of an artist who, though not English, England is glad to claim by adoption. As an old contributor to *The Graphic*, Mr. Haag's work will be familiar to many of our readers; as a contributor to the Royal Water-Colour Society for fifty years he enjoys a wide reputation, while his many admirable studies made over a very lengthy period of Eastern daily life, have given him a popularity as deserved as the recognition of it in honours and distinctions has been deserved. A Bavarian by birth, Carl Haag was born at Erlangen in 1820. His earliest ambition was to learn



CARL HAAG, R.W.S.
Who attained the age of eighty on Friday

to draw, but his father told him to pick up what he could by himself for a beginning and wait for regular instruction, perhaps to test the strength of the lad's bent. Anyway, there was not long doubt as to his following an artistic career. He studied hard at Nurnberg and at Munich, then came to England and entered the Royal Academy Schools. He began with the intention of becoming a painter in oils; then water-colour painting fascinated him, and to water-colour he has adhered from that time to this. It was as a portrait painter, strange as it may seem, that young Carl Haag first found his feet. His own ambitions lay in the direction of travelling and studying in Eastern lands, but certain portraits which he had executed of intimate friends while yet at Munich—firm, dexterous, and full of life—aroused interest, and the demand for more was considerable; but the young artist's real bent was not to be denied, and he soon started wandering. Brussels first for a winter,



MECCA PILGRIMS RETURNING TO CAIRO
BY CARL HAAG, R.W.S.
(Hofmaler to H.R.H. The Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha)

and then he came to London, and it was while in London, at this early stage in his career, that he met with an accident that nearly cut short his life's work. In his lodgings—Victoria way—Caarl Haag and a friend had been amusing themselves putting out a candle with a pistol. The friend had gone, and Haag, alone, somehow brought his cigar in too close contact with a powder flask; the result was darkness, confusion and shattered windows, in the midst of which the artist, wholly unconscious that he was hurt, tried to open the door but found his right hand helpless. Then, before he had quite realised the situation, or had explained the situation to the horrified landlady, there entered two young men—strangers—who promptly put the artist to bed, fetched the then rising surgeon, Prescott Hewett, and, to be brief, were the means of saving his thumb and hand, which else had been irrevocably lost. Out of evil comes good, and this accident brought the young artist commissions. Sir Prescott Hewett is an old art patron and Carl Haag soon was painting for him. Two pictures were painted for Lord Penrhyn, named "The Fish Market, Rome," and a "Group of Pilgrims in Sight of St. Peter's," and these, when subsequently exhibited, were largely instrumental in gaining him admission to the Water-Colour Society. But Mr. Haag was not yet to settle in London. He wanted new material. Particularly, he wanted to study Eastern life. To Montenegro, to Dalmatia, then to the Tyrol he went, in the last mentioned meeting Prince Karl of Leiningen and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who gave Mr. Haag his title of *Hofmaler*. He painted the Prince and the Duke of Coburg for the Queen, who was so pleased that the young painter had to go to the Highlands to execute further studies for the Royal patrons, and those familiar with the Queen's Highland diary will remember the reproductions which appear in it. But all this was an interlude. Eventually he found himself in Egypt and Palestine, in Cairo and in the Desert, wandering among wild tribes, making friends with Sheikhs, gaining a wonderful insight into strange manners and customs, and storing his mind and mental vision with invaluable impressions subsequently to be transmuted into the thoughtful series of pictures with which the artist's name will always be identified. He made repeated visits to Egypt before his *Wanderjahre* were complete, then he settled down in Hampstead, making himself a studio which should be in keeping with his work, and that at a time, too, when an artistic studio was not so much a recognised setting for a distinguished artist as now. It was to be thoroughly Oriental in character—decorated with rich Turkish fabrics, instinct in every detail with the atmosphere of the East, and in this studio he gathered the treasures which he had collected in years of wandering in the byways of the East—quaint armour and weapons, beautiful fabrics, exquisite carvings, mosaics and pottery. Mr. Haag never learned any Eastern language; like M. Paul Renouard he never found ignorance of the tongue of the people he was thrown among a serious obstacle. He preferred, maybe, to devote all his energies to his art, and the fine draughtsmanship, the thoroughness and the strong sincerity of his work, are still as they have been for fifty and more years sufficient testimony to his unity of purpose, great gifts, and honourable career. At one time and another Mr. Haag has received distinguished recognition of his talents. He is an Hon. Member of the Water-Colour Society of Brussels; in 1872 he received the Royal Bavarian Cross of Merit; in 1874 he became Officer of the Order of the Medjidie; in 1878 he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and in 1897 was created Chevalier; in 1887 he was made a Knight-Commander of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha Family Order—these are a few of the more important honours which he has received.

Guildhall Art Gallery

ALTHOUGH it is by no means an exhaustive display of contemporary British Art, the exhibition now open in the Art Gallery at the Guildhall gives a quite acceptable suggestion of the energy and ingenuity that distinguish the achievement of the more active among our living painters. Space has been found for only a little more than a hundred pictures of all dates between 1848 and the present time, a number that is certainly small for the period covered; but as none of the contributing artists are represented by more than one work, this comparatively limited collection is by no means lacking in the element of interesting variety. There are, of course, some obvious additions that might have been made to the list of men invited, and there would be no difficulty in suggesting pictures more characteristic of certain leading painters than those particular productions that actually appear in the gallery, but with every exhibition of this type some such criticism is always possible. If the things that are on view are considered, rather than those that might have been, there seems reason to congratulate the organisers of the show on having gathered together so many canvases that are well known and deservedly popular. Some of these, like Sir E. J. Poynter's "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon," and Lady Butler's "Quatre Bras," have been borrowed from Australia; some, like Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Lady of Shalott," Mr. Briton Riviere's "Daniel," Sir W. B. Richmond's "Venus and Anchises," Mr. Whistler's "Portrait of Thomas Carlyle," Mr. Marcus Stone's "In Love," and Mr. Holman Hunt's "The Shadow of Death," come from provincial galleries in this country, and others have been lent by private owners or by the artists themselves. Care seems to have been taken to secure what the public likes, and to present as much work as possible that will be welcomed on its reappearance from the obscurity of collections to which the London art lovers have no access. This was probably the main motive of the show. Incidentally, it gives some hint of the width of scope that characterises the British school, and it certainly throws light upon the progress in technical knowledge and executive skill that our painters have made during the latter half of the century; but chiefly it is to be commended because it renews old acquaintanceships, and gives people a chance of comparing their earlier impressions with those which they are forming now with the assistance of more matured taste and wider experience.



FROM A SKETCH BY F. TAYLOR

On March 10 the 1st and 2nd Companies of the C.I.V. Regiment took part in an engagement at Kameh. The rebels had been looting the district and carrying off cattle and sheep. A column, consisting of the 24th Battery Royal Field Artillery, with six guns,

a company of the Warwickshire Mounted Infantry and two companies of the C.I.V., was sent out to disperse them. The Boers were in great force, and succeeded in checking the column, being armed with superior artillery. The Imperials again showed their steadiness under heavy fire,

result being that there were several casualties. Fortunately, however, not one was killed, and injuries of the wounded men—Private W. Wilkinson, Bugler A. T. Kaye, Private A. T. Sanders, Private T. J. Dudley, Private N. Hamilton, Colour-Sergeant L. Taylor, Lance-Corporal

Self, and Private A. F. Taylor—are described as slight. Six, however, are reported missing, viz., Sergeant A. C. Monk, Private C. Henderson, Private A. J. Hamphreys, Private L. Petersen, Private S. C. Rapson, and Private P. F. Voller.

THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS IN ACTION: RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE NEAR BRITSTOWN



THE HON. W. J. LYNE
Premier of New South Wales
Photo by Freeman and Co., Sydney

THE BUSHMEN'S CONTINGENT

THE Australasian colonies have given a splendid demonstration of their loyalty to the Mother Country. Not only have they sent troops to South Africa who have already distinguished themselves, but they have combined to despatch a magnificent corps of Bushmen, each colony, of course, paying for the raising of its own contingent. The Bushman is entirely the special product of Australian colonies. His nomadic life and changing circumstances have hardened his muscles, quickened



A scene of unparalleled enthusiasm was witnessed in Christchurch, New Zealand, when the Canterbury Rough Riders left for South Africa. The contingent numbered some 250, and was under the command of Major Jowsey. Our photograph, which is by W. E. Sorrell, is taken at the entrance to the railway station at Christchurch, which the troops are about to enter.

DEPARTURE OF THE CANTERBURY ROUGH RIDERS FROM CHRISTCHURCH (N.Z.)



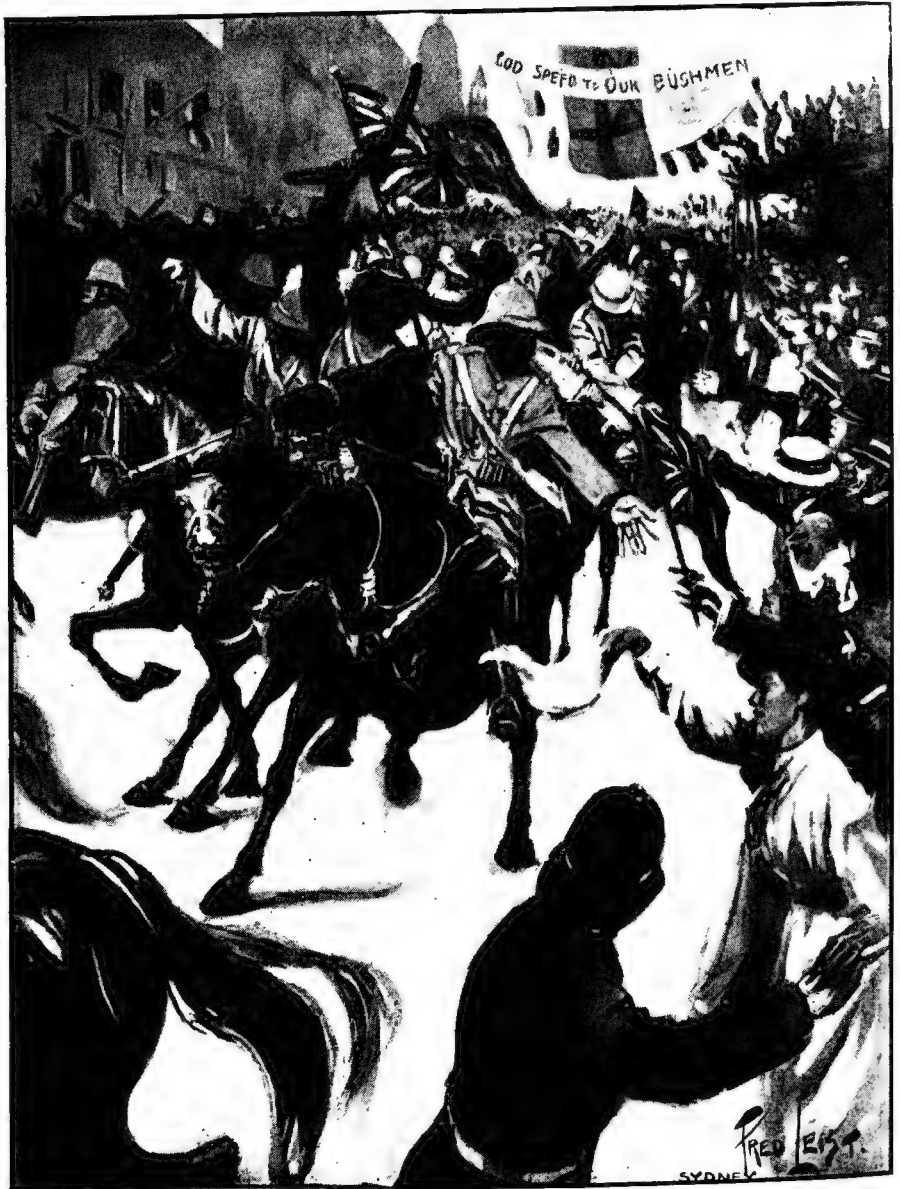
THE HON. JOHN SEE
Minister of Defence, New South Wales
Photo by Freeman and Co., Sydney

his intellect, inured him to privation, made him self-reliant, a good soldier, an intrepid horseman, and a genius in topography. Indeed, a more serviceable corps could hardly be imagined. The force has been raised by the people themselves, who have borne the whole expense, and have only gone to the Governments for assistance, for advice as to organisation, military instruction, and transport arrangement. The greatest enthusiasm has been aroused. The New South Wales contingent that started from Sydney under Lieutenant-Colonel Airy were given



Four of the Bushmen's contingent, who lingered to say the last farewell to their girls, had to be rowed out to the transport *Maplemore* in a boat, and then climb up the side of the vessel by means of a rope.

EMBARKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

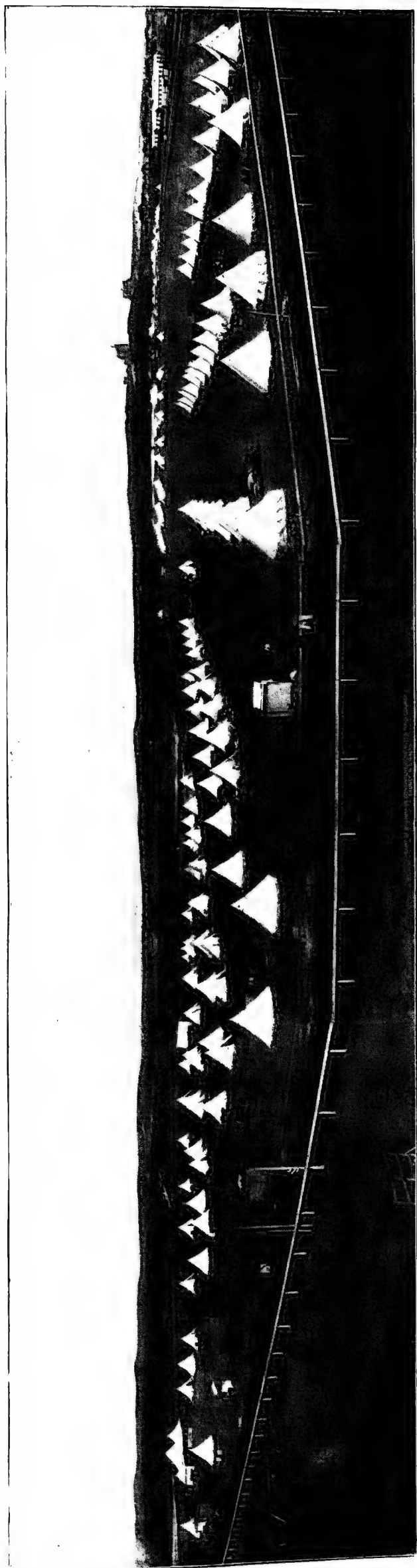


A correspondent writes:—"It was a sight never to be forgotten, as the rough Bushies in their picturesque costume rode through the street to the transport, waving flowers, flags, and handkerchiefs. One waved a boomerang, and another an opossum to the cheering crowd. The horses, being fresh from the country, did not at all like the noise, and plunged and reared and jumped all over the street, but never a rider was thrown."

"OUR BUSHIES" PASSING ALONG PITT STREET

THE DEPARTURE OF THE BUSHMEN'S CONTINGENT FROM SYDNEY

FROM SKETCHES BY F. LEIST



Kensington Racecourse adjoins the Metropolitan Racecourse at Randwill, Sydney. It is used only for pony races. On this course the Bushmen were under canvas, going through a thorough military training before leaving for the front. Our photograph is by the Government Printer, New South Wales.

THE CAMP OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN'S CONTINGENT ON KENSINGTON RACECOURSE, SYDNEY

a send-off that was magnificent. Never were such crowds seen in Sydney before. They sailed in the transports *Maplemore* and *Allanite*. The latter transport called at Hobart on March 4 to take on board the Tasmanian contingent. The New South Wales men were landed, and received with acclamation by the

people before re-embarking. One of our illustrations shows the Canterbury contingent of Rough Riders leaving Christchurch for the transport which was to take them to South Africa, where they will help to swell the Bushmen's corps. We publish portraits of the Hon. W. J. Lyne, Premier of New South Wales,

and the Hon. John See, Minister of Defence of the same colony, who have been the life and soul of the military movement, not only in New South Wales, but throughout Australia. Mr. Lyne is a Tasmanian by birth, and Mr. See is a native of Huntingdonshire.



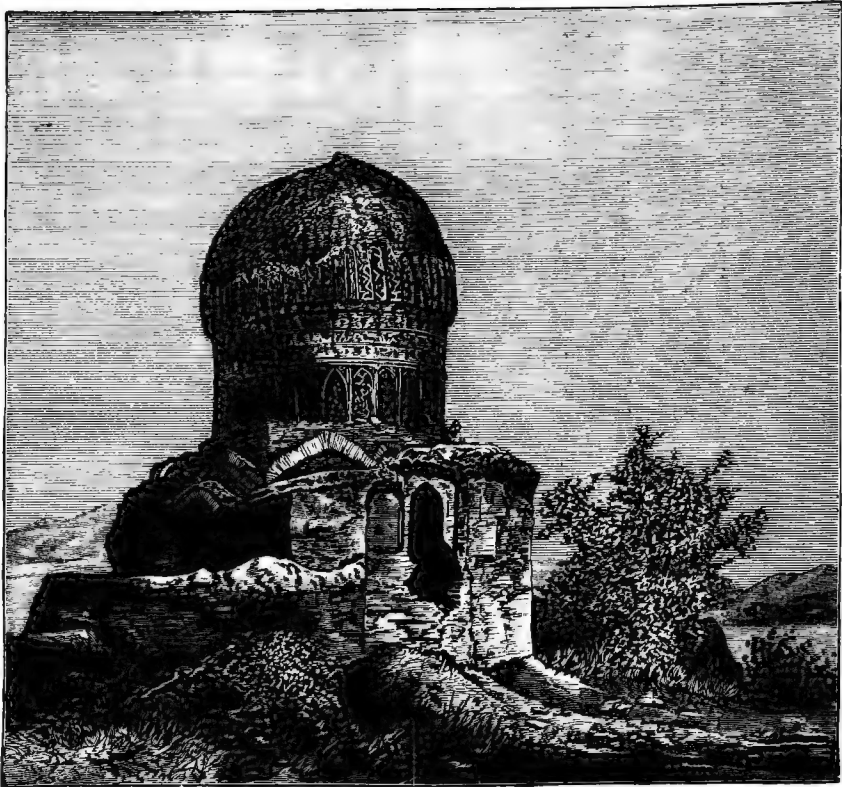
The men here shown belong to the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, forming part of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry at the front. Shown of their gorgeous uniform and clad in khaki, the Life Guards are only recognisable from their stature. A few months' campaigning makes the disguise all the more complete. Our photograph, which is by M. Bennett, Kimberley, shows some of the men who took part in the relief of Kimberley, and have since been waiting in Bloemfontein for new clothes and remounts.

THE EFFECT OF WAR ON A SMART REGIMENT: HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY CAMPAIGNING

ON THE FRONTIER NEAR HERAT

FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR EDWARD LAW DURAND, BART.

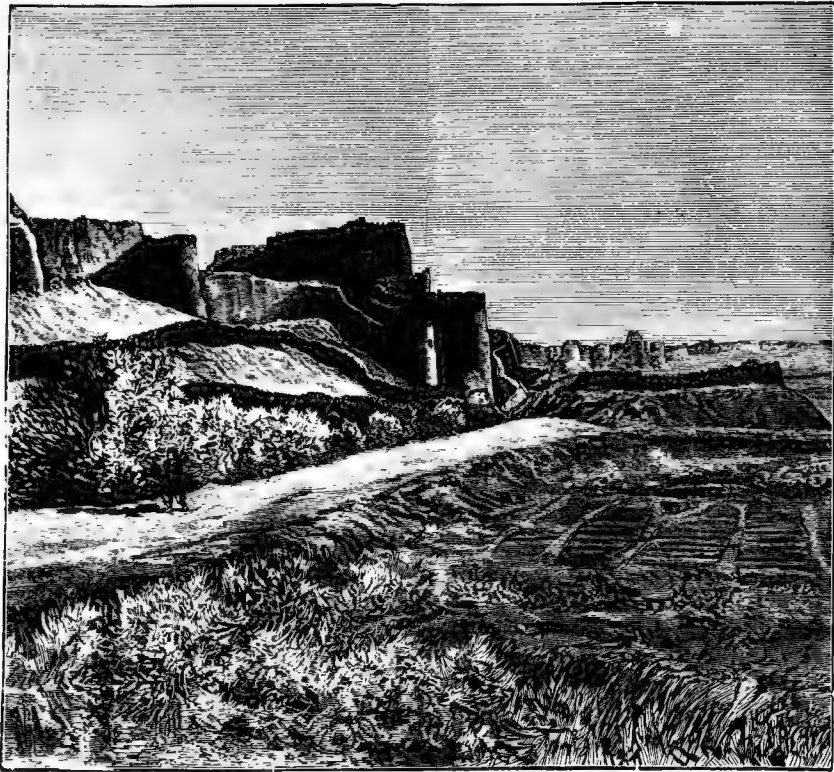
THE recent activity of Russia on the western Afghan frontier has once more directed public attention to the Amir's territories. It may be, as, indeed, has been suggested, that Russia's activity in the Murghab valley is only a feint to draw off attention from her aims and ambitions in Persia. Though it were doubtless better both for themselves and for mankind that England and Russia should be good friends, it must be remembered that the colossal army of the Tsar contains hundreds of officers who are longing for a chance of distinction, and that from time immemorial India has been the most coveted goal of conquerors, and that furthermore a campaign against British India was enjoined on all the Tsars to come by the testamentary dispositions of Peter the Great. Doubtless in modern as in ancient diplomatic relations, every one that is not your avowed friend may be regarded as your possible enemy; it is also certain that the interests of England and Russia in Asia continually overlap, so that there arise frequent diplomatic disputes in the settlement of which the advantage naturally falls to the cleverest head. England has not been behind other states in the production of great diplomatists, but at the present time it is doubtful if any state sends out a more astute set of representatives to safeguard her interests in foreign countries than does Russia. We have seen what they achieved in China a few years ago; we



SHAH ROKH'S TOMB BY THE MINAR MASALAH, HERAT

now see how they are daily strengthening their influence in Persia; while their agents in Bokhara and Kashghar never let any opportunity pass of serving their master's interests. Apart from their undoubted talents, the envoys of Russia enjoy one great advantage, which is not shared by the agents of other states. Russia has practically only one line of policy in the East and Far East, which may be described as the "slow and sure progressive." This policy, in the name of the Tsar of All the Russias, is persistently and consistently pursued. Another important advantage enjoyed by the Russians in their dealings with Eastern nations is that they better understand the Eastern character than do most of our statesmen. This is only natural, seeing that Russia has not only for many centuries past been in constant and close touch with Turks, Tartars, and Moghuls, but, furthermore, her officials are themselves often half Oriental, and not infrequently actual Tartars. The result of this is that the Russian always fully realises the moral value of that somewhat indefinable term, *prestige*.

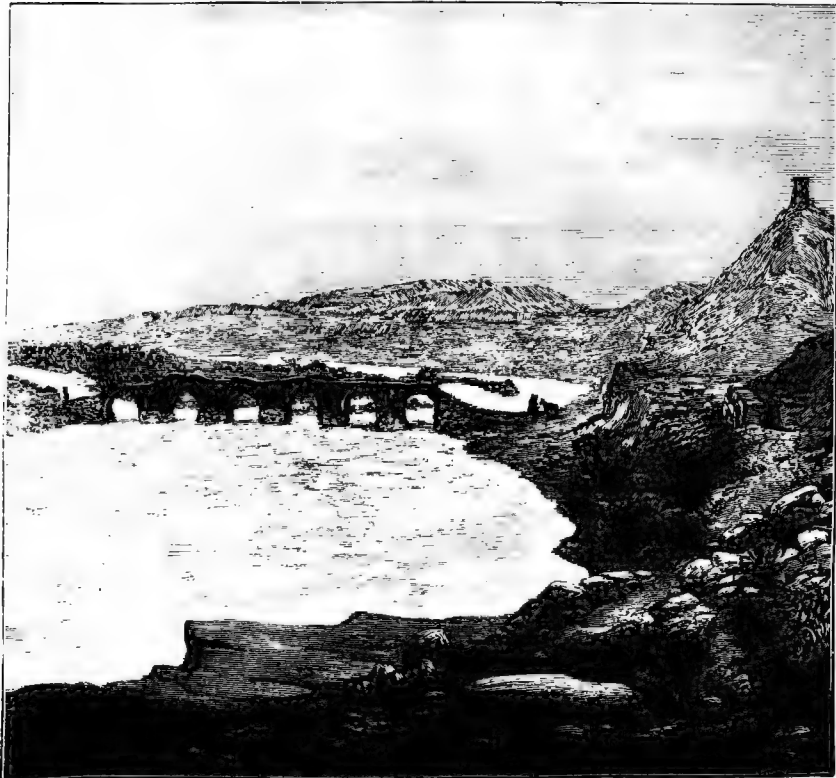
The year 1884 found Russia on the Tejend River, only awaiting a fitting opportunity to descend upon Merv, and the opportunity seems to have been found in the embarrassment of England in another part of the world. At the beginning of that year the long-pent storm in the Soudan had burst, and all Europe believed that great troubles were in store for us in that



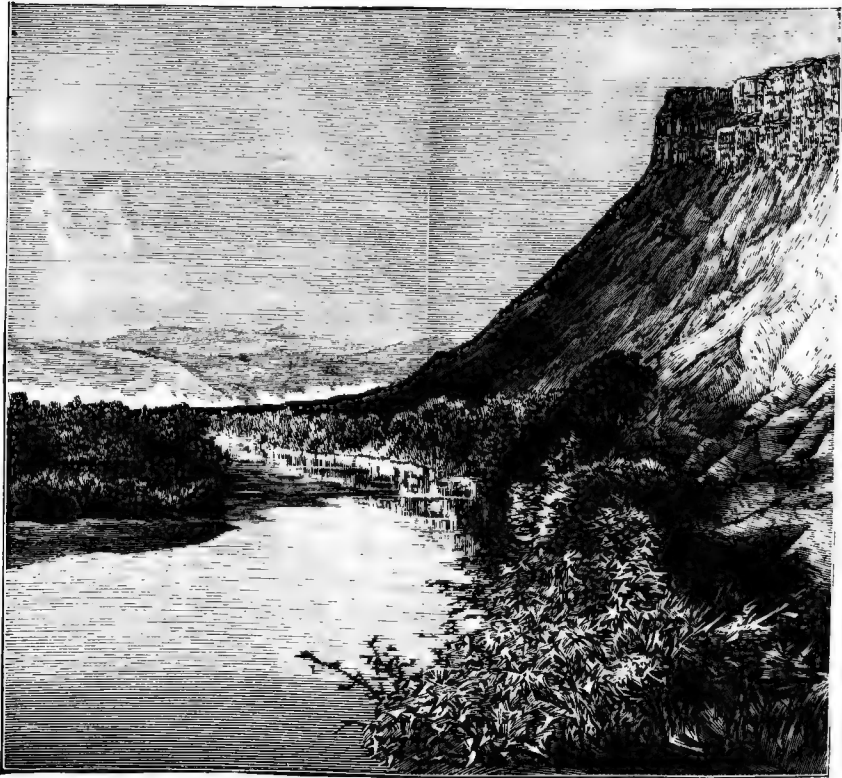
THE KUSHK GATE, HERAT, ONE OF THE TWO GATES IN THE NORTH FACE



THE NORTH-WEST GATE, HERAT, FROM THE INSIDE, SHOWING A BIT OF THE OLD CITADEL



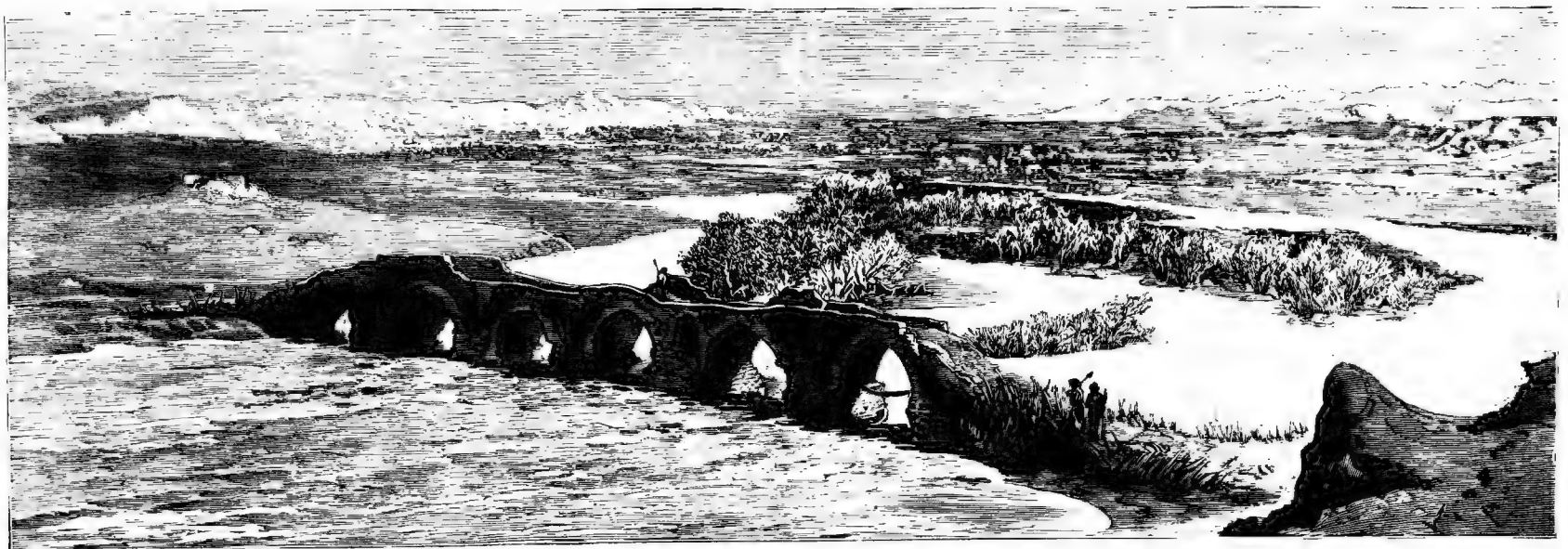
THE TIR PUL BRIDGE ON THE HERI RUD RIVER NORTH OF HERAT



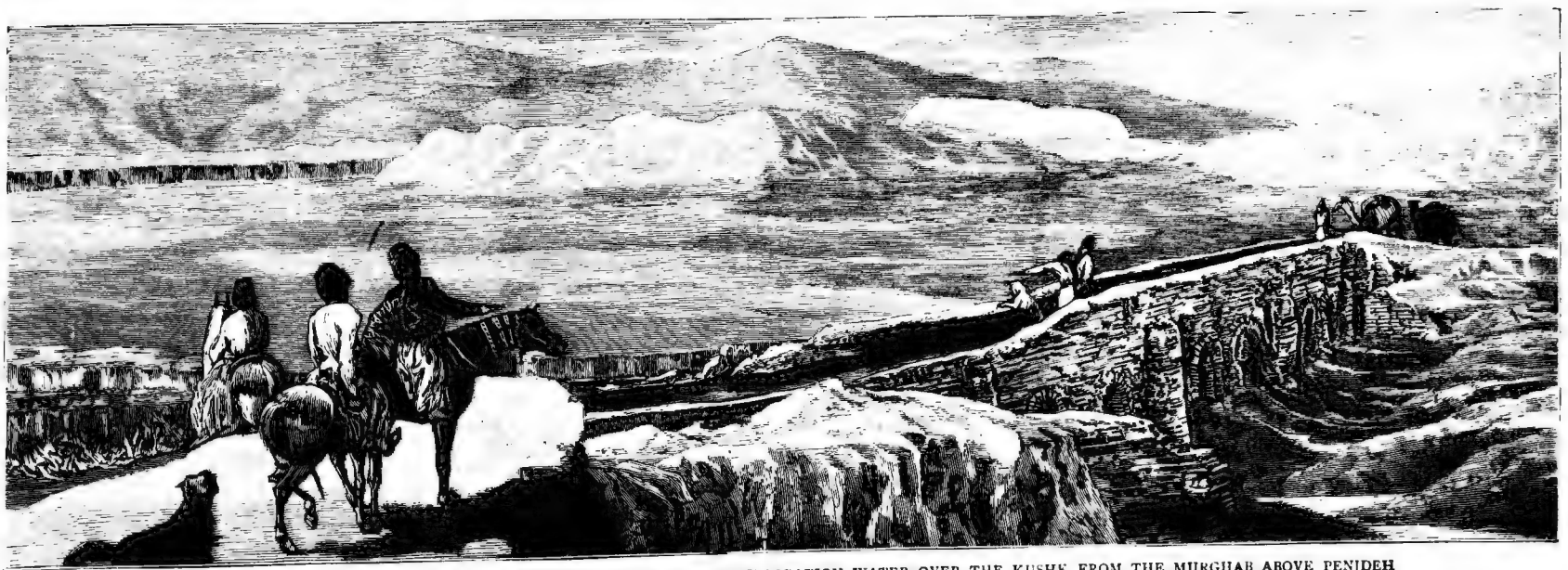
NEAR THE ZULFIKAR PASS ON THE HERI RUD RIVER TO THE NORTH OF HERAT



BALA MURGHAB FORT, NORTH OF HERAT



TIR PUL (THE ARROW BRIDGE) OVER THE HERI RUD, AT THE NORTHERN ENTRANCE OF THE HERAT VALLEY



PUL-I-KHISTI (THE BRIDGE OF BRICKS), AN AQUEDUCT TO CARRY IRRIGATION WATER OVER THE KUSHK FROM THE MURGHAB ABOVE PENJDEH

quarter. Whether it was the result of a preconceived plan or a mere coincidence, it is, at any rate, a fact that at this precise juncture Alikhanoff received orders to start for Merv and demand its submission. On February 4 Baker Pasha's army was annihilated at Tokar, and on February 15 M. de Giers officially informed our Ambassador of the submission of Merv. Marvin, who, on account of his pronounced Russophobia, is not always to be trusted, after studying all the documents, official and unofficial, relative to the Russian occupation of Merv, wrote as follows:—"The swoop upon Merv was no haphazard event. No local reason whatever provoked it. Russia was not forced to occupy Merv by any circumstances on the spot compelling her against her wish to violate her numerous assurances to this country."

Remembering this coincidence in the past, it is not surprising that a ready ear should have been lent by alarmists to reports from St. Petersburg, recently circulated, that the military authorities in Russia were intending to profit by our temporary embarrassments in South Africa to make a further move in the direction of India. Officially nothing has been made public, but we have been led to believe that such a course

was indeed urged by the Russian War Ministry, but that it met with stern disapproval on the part both of the Russian Foreign Ministry and of the supreme power in the Empire, the Tsar himself. However well-timed or ill-timed such a move might have been for Russia, it is not improbable that we are indebted to the Tsar and to his earnest desire for peace in having averted—at least for the present—a situation which would at this moment be especially embarrassing.

The advance of Russia in Central Asia, in spite of fierce battles fought, and in spite of pledges given and broken, may be compared to the gradual and natural advance of a glacier. When General Skobelev defeated the Akhal Tekkes, it was obvious that Merv too must one day be absorbed by Russia. Russia would have been more than human had she voluntarily stayed her advance after she had taken but a few steps; and surely England can have little reason to complain, or protest, so long as the independence of China, Afghanistan, and Persia is left intact. Moreover, no one can deny that the Russian occupation of Transcaspia and Turkestan is an unmixed blessing for those countries.

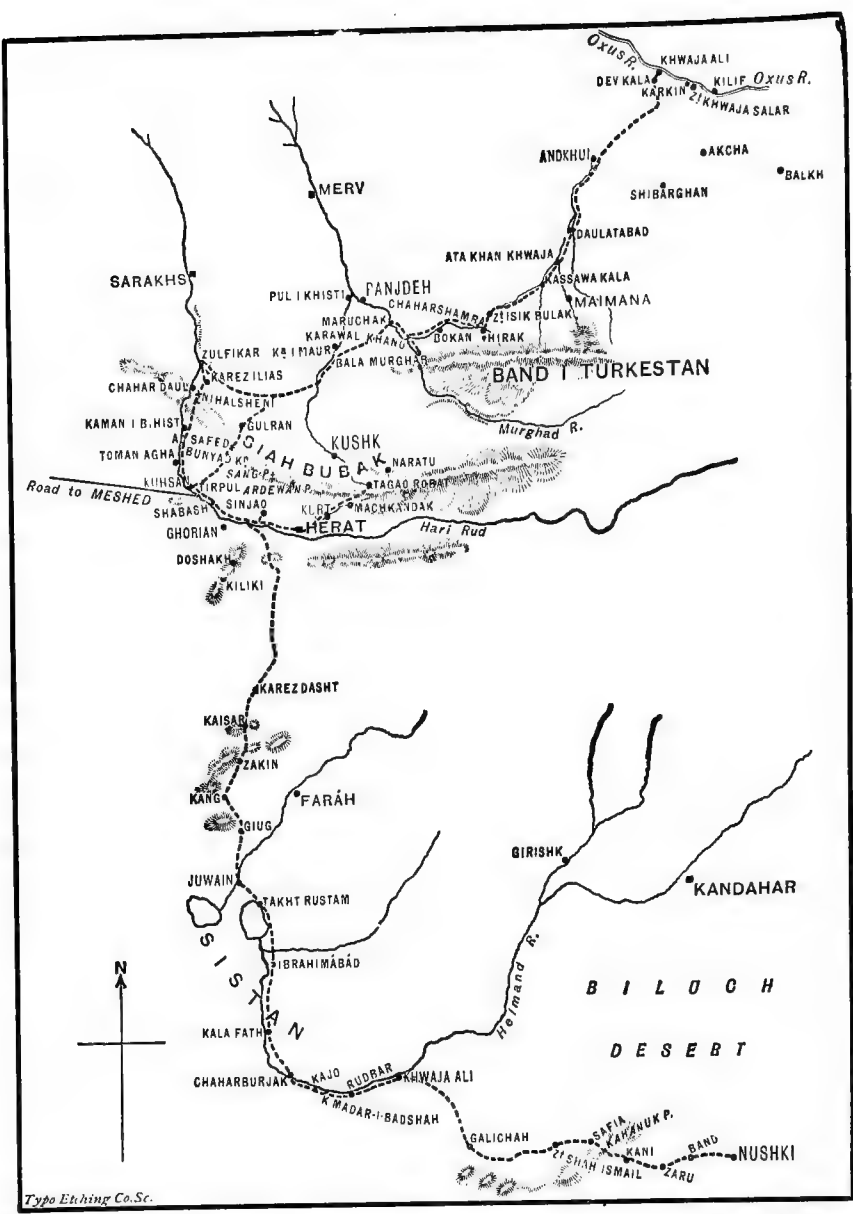
Should Russia and England ever come into collision in Central Asia, the campaign would probably begin in the

neighbourhood either of Herat or Kandahar. The locality would no doubt depend on the attitude adopted by the Afghans, who, if war were declared between Russia and England, would be chiefly influenced by the relative *prestige* enjoyed by either power in their eyes. And here one cannot help feeling that Russia has the advantage; for while on the one hand they have seen the English enter their country, and then again withdraw—an action they could only interpret as a proof of weakness—they know the Russians to have made in a few years a rapid advance in the direction of their own country, and to have effectually subdued populations famous for their bravery. It has, however, been our policy to make the Afghans feel that as our friends their independence is secure, and that we would fight with them for the maintenance of it. Moreover, we are convinced that at the present time, under a Viceroy who has an unique personal knowledge of the country and people, our interests in Afghanistan are receiving the fullest attention. It is well to bear in mind that the Afghans are by no means an united nation, and that although in times of peace the Amir may be regarded as representing his people, an outbreak of war might result in great internal discord and division of sympathies.

Should the Amir's territories ever be entered by Russian troops Herat must inevitably be the first objective, though it is no longer universally considered the "key to India." There are two principal roads from the Russo-Afghan frontier to Herat—the one along the valley of the Murghab, and the other along the Tejend River, known higher up as the Heri Rud. This river, though naturally a tributary of the Oxus, does not reach that river, but loses itself in the Tejend oasis. Both these routes lie through fertile valleys, while in other respects their advantages are equally balanced. On the eastern route there is a railway as far as the station of Kushk, less than sixty miles from Herat. Some confusion has existed with regard to this railway terminus, for the town of Kushk is many miles over the Afghan frontier, but the Russians named their frontier railway station after the river Kushk, which, like the Murghab, rises in the Paropamisus. This range, so long regarded as a formidable obstacle to advance, is a double spur of the Kuh-i-Baba Mountains, which consists of low rolling hills covered with asafetida and thistles, and over which a coach and four could be easily driven. The Heri Rud route, on the other hand, though more circuitous, and though possessing no railway, would, no doubt, better lend itself to the transport of an army. A suitable base could be established at Sarakhs, which is a Russian stronghold.

To come to our illustrations, the crumbling ruins of Shah Rokh's tomb, near the Minar Masaleh, outside Herat, are all that remain, save the page of history, to perpetuate the memory of the great ruler under whose beneficent sway Herat attained an historic magnificence, and became indisputably the Queen City of the East, the metropolis and capital of the great Central Asian Empire that was bequeathed by Tamerlane to his successor. The Mirza Shah Rokh, to give him his full name, was the fourth son of Tamerlane, and a brave and distinguished warrior.

The sketch of the Heri Rud, or Herat River, was taken within a stone's throw, almost, of the Zulfikar Pass, about which, fifteen years ago, our Boundary Commissioners had such a wrangle with their Russian colleagues at the delimitation of the frontier. In the end the Russians gave way—seeing, doubtless, that nothing would really prevent them in any future war from seizing the pass when they liked—and the frontier line passed just to the north of Zulfikar. It was



WESTERN AFGHANISTAN, SHOWING THE PERSIAN AND RUSSIAN FRONTIERS

here, indeed, that the frontier delimitation of the two countries first met face to face, began work together. They fixed the first boundary pillar on the low ground on the Persian side of the river (shown to the left in the sketch), the second to the right, on the Zulfikar cliff, also on the Afghan side. The view is taken looking to the north and down stream, with the artist's eye to Herat, distant a hundred miles as the crow flies. The steep, almost precipitous cliff that rises in the right bank of the Heri Rud extends thirty miles down the river from Zulfikar to Pishkhatun. It would prevent any enemy from the direction of Turkestan crossing between the points, and compel him to keep his force together on one or other bank, until the ford opposite Zulfikar Pass, in the neighbourhood of where the sketch was made, was reached.

The bridge over the Heri Rud at Tirpul is some sixty miles to the north of Herat. The Heri Rud is the river on which Herat stands. It rises in Central Afghanistan in the mountains of Hazarajat, and after passing for some distance under another name, and somewhat unpronounceable, name, becomes the Heri Rud at the entrance of the Herat Valley. Far away to the north, beyond Zulfikar, the river turns into Turkestan territory and becomes the Tejend. This changing the name of a river at various localities along its course is a common practice in the East—though as destitute of reason as it would be for us to call our own Thames the "Oxford River" at one point, the "Reading River" at another, and the "London River" near its mouth. The quaint bridge of Tirpul, shown in two of our illustrations, is a curious structure, and, in its state of disrepair, looks striking enough. The six arches are built of solid burned bricks, each a foot square. They rest on pillars of stone work, and are of uneven heights. On the extreme right of one sketch, on an abrupt hill that overlooks the bridge, is shown a solitary watch tower of the days (now happily over) of the Turkoman raids. It is loopholed for musketry and made of brick, and stands on the left (or Persian) bank of the Heri Rud. The tower was planned, not only as a look-out whence the sentinel might give the alarm at the first sight of the dust raised by the dreaded "alaman," or Turkoman raiding party in its gallop of death and destruction, and as a place of refuge, but also was set there to command the bridge and sweep its roadway with bullets as the Turcomans crossed.

DENISON ROSS.



M. ALFRED PICARD, THE COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900

From a Photograph by Dornac

The Paris Exhibition

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE opening of the Exhibition has solved the much-vexed question as to how far the Exhibition is ready. The answer to the question is that as an Exhibition it is not ready at all. There is not a single palace or pavilion where things are even beginning to get ready. Numerous buildings are still without either roof or flooring. In fact, nothing but the outward shell of the World's Fair of 1900 is ready.

But the outward shell is so beautiful that it well repays the crossing of the Channel or even the Atlantic. Such a number of marvels of architecture were certainly never brought together. The sight as seen from the Pont d'Alma is simply grandiose. On the left bank of the river, looking towards Notre Dame, is the Rue des Nations, the product of the friendly rivalry of all the nations of the earth. It is a selection of the most typical and most beautiful examples of the architecture of each country. The general consensus of opinion accords the palm to the Pavilion of Italy. The German Pavilion, a reproduction of one of the most famous buildings in Nuremberg, is also very striking. The English building, a reproduction of Kingston House, is very impressive when examined in detail, but suffers somewhat from its severe simplicity by the more florid architecture of its neighbours.

On the other side of the river the most striking buildings are the monumental conservatories, veritable palaces of crystal, belonging to the Horticultural Section. Beyond lies the marvellous Alexander III. Bridge, certainly the most beautiful of all the twenty odd bridges which span the Seine. The two sections of the Exhibition which it connects are wonders of architecture. The large and the small Palaces of Fine Arts, which flank the entrance from the Champs Elysées, permanent buildings constructed of stone which will survive the Exhibition, are a triumph of French architectural skill. On the other side of the river the buildings of the Esplanade des Invalides are more florid in their style, but are also marvellously beautiful.

Looking down stream the prospect is closed by the graceful sweep of the Trocadero. On the right bank are the picturesque buildings of the "Vieux Paris," and on the left the Pavilions of the Tour du Monde, the panorama of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the Chinese Pavilions and other buildings of all styles of architecture. Opposite the Trocadero lies the main part of the Exhibition, which fills the immense extent of the Champ de Mars. This is closed at the far end by the façade of the Salles des Fêtes, the "close" of the Exhibition.

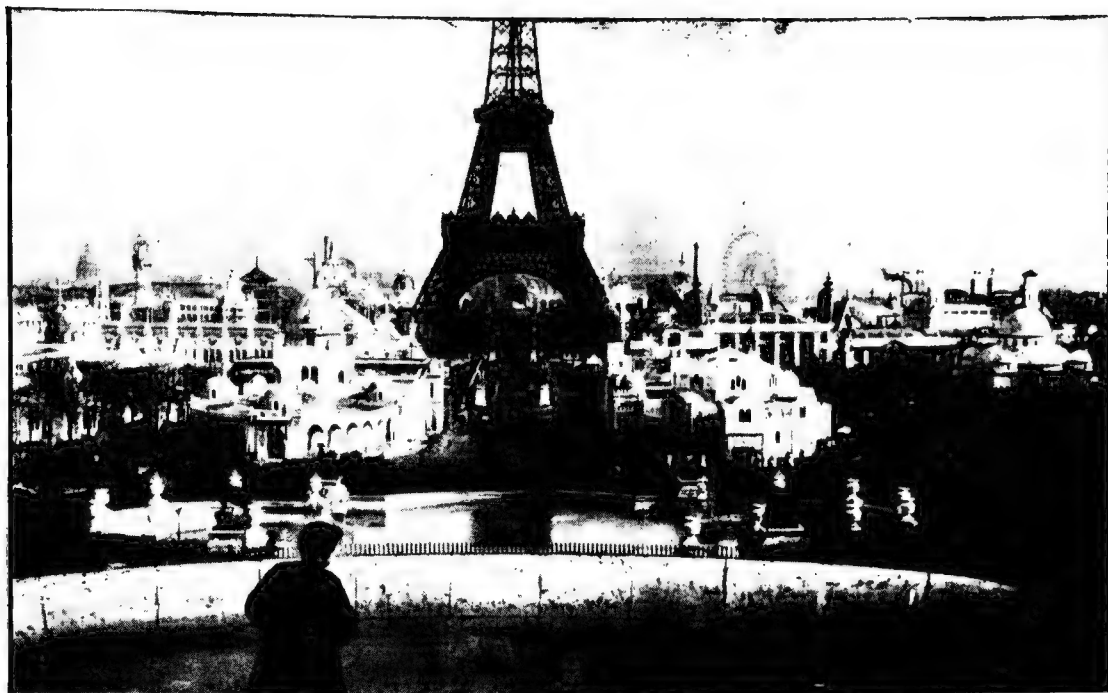
On Saturday, when the President of the Republic and his Ministers entered, this presented a wonderful sight. The vast area was filled by fourteen thousand persons, most of whom were in brilliant uniforms. Ambassadors, generals, academicians, high functionaries of State, Russian boyards, Hungarian magnates, Cossacks, Turks, Indians—in a word, the representatives of the entire world filled the area, the galleries and the official tribunes.

The reception accorded to M. Loubet, though respectful, had none of the enthusiasm which characterised that accorded to President Carnot in 1889. There was, however, nothing in the shape of a hostile demonstration. The coldness of the reception was undoubtedly due to the crisis through which France has lately passed, and which has left a train of bitterness which still comes to the surface on such occasions.

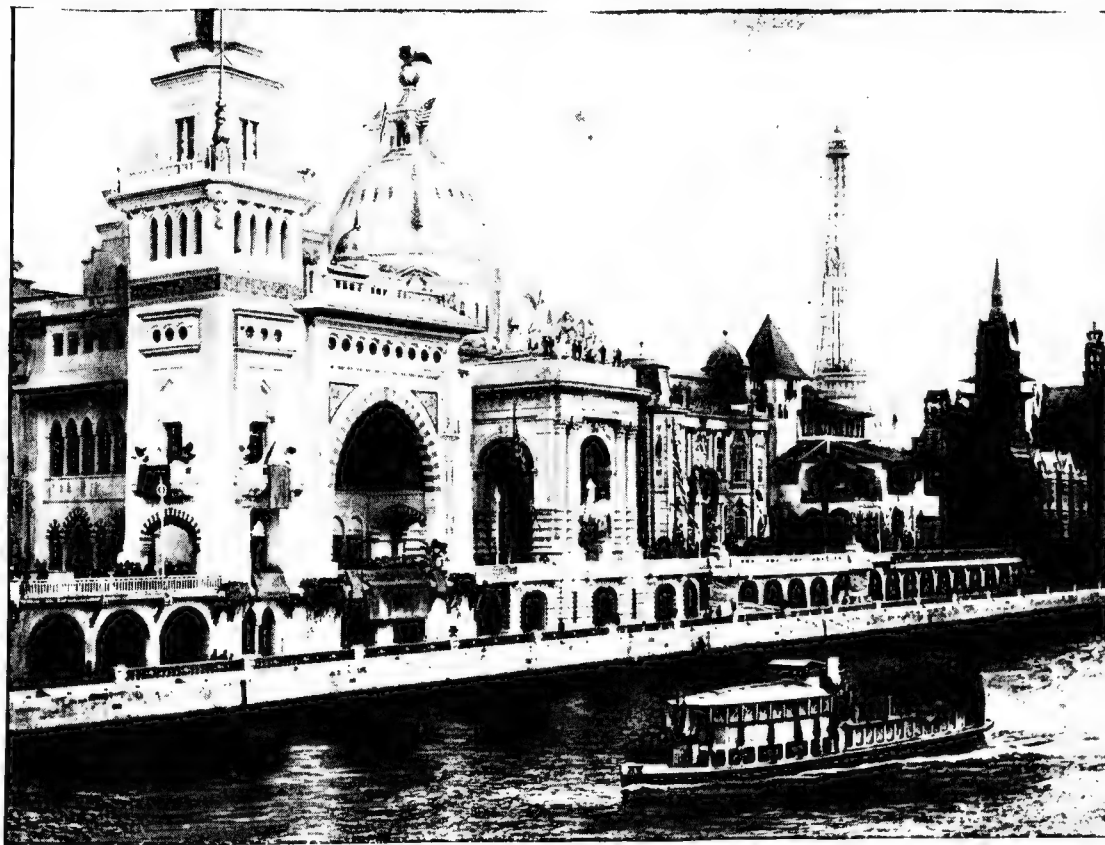
The President of the Republic only inspected the façade of the Exhibition, as there was not a single palace or pavilion in a state fit to be shown to the Head of the State. Even the gardens through which he passed on leaving the Salle des Fêtes had not been in existence twenty-four hours before. An army of gardeners and a large force of soldiers of Engineers had worked all night planting trees, forming paths, designing flower beds, and laying out shrubberies. M. Picard on Friday evening must have wished for Aladdin's lamp, so that he might cause palaces to rise out of the ground complete from roof to basement. The visitors to the inauguration had to make their way over mounds of earth, heaps of plaster, across yawning trenches, and under the ladders and scaffolding which encumbered the grounds on every side.

M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, during the opening ceremony, paid a high tribute to M. Alfred Picard and his subordinates as the authors of this "prodigious work." M. Loubet added, in his speech, his testimony to the admirable manner in which the enormous difficulties connected with the enterprise had been overcome by M. Picard and his assistants. After the ceremony the Presidential party embarked in a steamer for a trip along the Seine to the Pont Alexandre III. Four other steamers, with the naval steam launch *Vengeur* at their head, accompanied the President's steamer. The passage along the river between the picturesque and gaily decked buildings ranged on either side offered a striking spectacle. The steamers finally drew up at the Alexandre III. Bridge, alongside the Esplanade des Invalides. There the party disembarked and proceeded to cross the bridge on their way to a point on the Champs Elysées, where their carriages were waiting. Our illustrations are from photographs by Dumas et Fils.

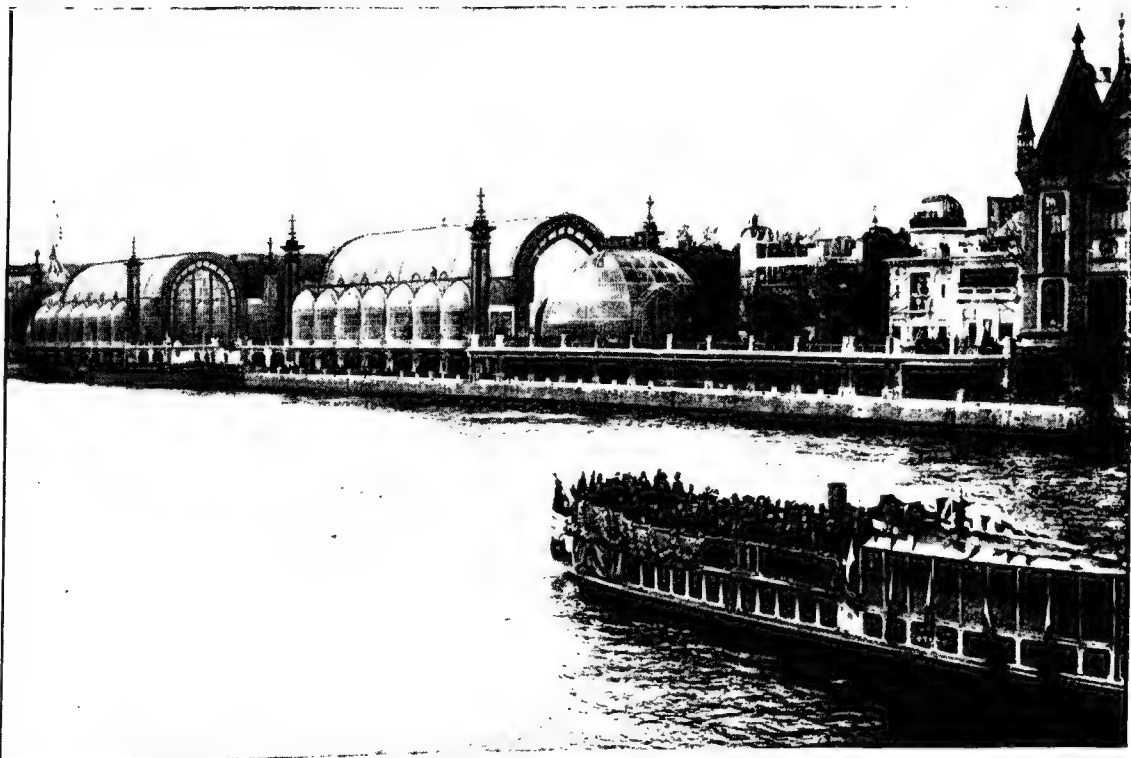
The *Graphic* Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition occupies an important position in the "Palais de l'Education," at the junction of two avenues. This "Palais de l'Education" is situated on the N.W. part of the Champ de Mars, near the Eiffel Tower. The walls are hung with selected specimens of black-and-white drawings executed by all the leading Artists on the staff of *The Graphic*. In the centre of the exhibit is a single cylinder two-colour printing machine, made by Messrs. Harrild and Sons, of London, and driven by an electric motor, made by Messrs. J. H. Holmes and Company, of London and Newcastle, which is shown in full work. The machine is printing *The Graphic Christmas Number* for 1900. Next to *The Graphic* section is that of the Linotype Company, decorated in the same style. Here work is carried on conjointly with *The Graphic*, as the type-setting machines are engaged in setting up the letterpress for the "Bulletin Quotidien de l'Exposition 1900." This little newspaper has an attractive coloured front page, is printed on *The Graphic* and Linotype machines, and is published day by day. It is filled with interesting gossip about the Exhibition, and is written by a special reporting staff. The paper is distributed gratis, and it forms an interesting souvenir of the great Exhibition.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON BOUBET
VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS FROM THE TROCADERO



THE FOREIGN PAVILIONS AT THE OPENING CEREMONY



THE PRESIDENT, THE AMBASSADORS, AND THE COMMITTEE VIEWING THE EXHIBITION FROM THE SEINE

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE feminist movement has met with a decided rebuff in Paris. The ladies who desired to become members of the French Authors' Society have been rejected. The two most popular candidates were Madame Henry Greville, the oldest, and Madame Daniel Lesueur, the youngest. It is said that had all the ladies combined to give their suffrages to Madame Lesueur, she might have been elected, but the ladies could not agree to do so, and thus no female candidate was elected. The women workers were deservedly disappointed; but literary ladies are rather at a discount in France, where they do not meet with the encouragement they find here. Fashion is all that is supposed to interest Frenchwomen, and the exhibition of costume will no doubt prove very attractive.

In contradistinction, the coming Women's Exhibition at Earl's Court offers an imposing and somewhat boastful prospectus. It says that "the close of the nineteenth century affords a special and unique opportunity of marking the progress of woman's work, for in no previous century has her progress been so marked, her influence, tact and refinement so great, or the interest evinced by all nations in her doings keener." These are blatant words indeed, and scarcely justified. The learned ladies of the Renaissance possessed greater and more solid learning than do the average women of to-day. Queen Elizabeth knew Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, while the mental development of ladies at the end of the eighteenth century, their wit, and their literary excellences certainly left the women of the present day far behind. We have not improved in manners, scarcely much in morals, and the achievements of women in art, music and sculpture, with all the schools and opportunities of studying now placed at their disposal, cannot compare with those of men. We presume women do not wish to be treated as a separate and inferior sex, yet unless they can bear to be placed in juxtaposition, and judged with men, they can never expect to take high rank in art, literature, or science.

The old Bath now so picturesquely placed on the stage at the Haymarket Theatre resembles the new Bath only in the perennial vigour and efficacy of its bubbling waters. In the old days bathing was carried on in the open, and the story goes that as "Anne, Queen of James I., was bathing in the King's bath, there arose from the bottom of the interior a flame of fire like a candle, which had no sooner ascended to the top of the water than it spread itself upon the surface into a large circle of light, and so became extinct. This so frightened the Queen that she would bathe no more in the King's bath." In "Humphrey Clinker" we read that at the end of the eighteenth century people still bathed together in this King's bath, "where you see the patients sitting up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces."

The ladies of the days of the late Georgian period suffered as we do from the want of pockets. Their dresses were so tight (they wore neither petticoats nor chemises) that they possessed no place to stow away their handkerchiefs. They were, therefore, forced to carry them in their hands, or sit upon them for safety, and on some occasion, when a handkerchief was peremptorily required by a lady, not one was forthcoming in the company. People thought more of fashion than of convenience, as they do still. But, in fact, Bath was more popular as the resort of Society, the Monte Carlo of that period, than a real cure for illness. Balls, routs, and gambling were the favourite diversions, and the card-playing of ladies of high rank, who proved the most inveterate of gamblers, in many cases ruined their husbands and destroyed their fair characters. Bath is now supremely dull, decorous, and devoted to the ailments of invalids.

Mrs. John Townley, whose death took place recently, was one of the most attractive and charming women of her day. For many

years she gave a Christmas dance at her house which was much appreciated by the *élite* of Society, and even to the last, though incapacitated by illness, she gathered round her a circle of devoted friends. Her social gifts were many, and her good nature and cheerfulness perennial.

I see that the Queen, who always carries a parasol in her drives, used a black one embroidered with silver shamrocks on her entry into Dublin. Will this inaugurate a new mode in parasols? Last year was the year of chiffon and lace, and the daintiest of adornments; this year we shall probably see embroideries and more serious and solid decorations, for, after all, the plain silk parasol is the most convenient and appropriate.

Khaki continues to be the rage. Every object that can be made of it is made. Writing cases, purses, bags, books, newspaper albums,



Ivory-white crepon, trimmed with black velvet. Coffee-coloured Valenciennes lace insertion on the bodice, which has a round lace yoke and a white satin vest, and is elaborately trimmed with narrow black velvet. The skirt is Princess shaped, and ornamented at the bottom with black velvet like the bodice. The waistbelt is fastened with a buckle old gold in colour.

GARDEN PARTY COSTUME

even writing paper, are clothed in the popular colour, but when it comes to dress it is time to draw the line. Khaki is only pretty as a kind of fancy costume for the young. Old ladies with bilious complexions, and even young ones who are not beautiful, should eschew it. It brings out all the yellow tints of the complexion.

Plums have arrived in large quantities from Cape Town, and the supply of foreign fruit is now plentiful all the year round, and yet the British housekeeper cannot be persuaded to regard dessert as the necessary adjunct of dinner. In all foreign restaurants, hotels, and even middle-class families, fruit is partaken of freely, and though we may not choose to follow Dr. Johnson's example, who ate seven or eight peaches before breakfast, and again after dinner, and yet complained he had only once in his life eaten his fill of fruit, still the introduction of it into daily life should be aimed at by all who value good health.

The "Anglo-Saxon"

THE new number of the *Anglo-Saxon*—again most sumptuously bound in a cover copied from one of the finest bindings of the name of Demetrio Canevari, and executed by Venetian workmen between 1535 and 1560—opens with an admirable collection of the editress, Lady Randolph Churchill, by Mr. Sargent. Notable contributions are an exceedingly clever, though a four-act play by Mr. W. K. Clifford; "A Note on Russia" by Frederick Wedmore; Lady Dorothy Nevill's "Letters and Collections of Lord Beaconsfield and Others;" Mr. William A. Strong's plea for a *répertoire* theatre, in which something shall be done to counteract the baleful influence of long runs on actors and wrights; while Major Arthur Griffiths and Mr. Poulton deal with various aspects of the war. It is from the unsigned

expressions and Opinions" at that one gets a few good glimpses of the war. The very temperately and fairly that even as the Boer has the opinion of Britons as fighting our men are learning to know to respect the Boers, and that the abuse of the white flag has proved, few would assert the practice sanctioned by the class Transvaalers. Here a good little fragment:—

We had to leave most of our men on the field after the Mobber (writes a sergeant in the *Seaforth*) every one of them speaks in the manner of the kindness of the Boers seemed that after our guns stopped and when it got dark, the Boers out of their trenches to our water, brought them water, food and blankets, lighted their pipes for them, everything that was possible for it is only the scum of the Rand, fires on our sick and ambulance wagons.

Another point on which stress is laid is that now, for the first time in the history of warfare, the private soldier has been allowed to describe the campaign while it is still going on. Sometimes these letters from Tommy at the front contain very vivid and illuminating little flashes of intelligence else unrecorded. "Sometimes they tell us more than we ought to know, such as the vague rumours, the wild gossip, the imaginative stories, that fly about a camp, and travel from mouth to mouth." One can only hope that the following grim narrative belongs to the latter category. It came in a private soldier's letter:—

While we were at De Aar, a minor the Gordon Highlanders was taken and shot for cowardice at Modder River, also nine Boers, or rather seven Irishmen who had been captured at Belmont. They were placed in with their hands tied to a stake, company of the Cornwallis gave their last "Beecham," as our fellows the bullet. They made the other see them shot and dig their holes.

One is left wondering if foundation there could have for such a circumstantial story.

"Mr. Thomas Atkins"

THIS volume appears particularly opportune. "Tommy Atkins is a fashion," says the author, "it remembered, was that clever little book, 'Be Happy, though Married,' he takes the opportunity of giving the result of a sympathetic critical study before he gets of fashion—as he is apt in the piping times of war. The author has intimate knowledge of his subject, having been Chaplain to the Forces over twenty years, during which time he has always vowed to meet "Tommy Atkins."

own ground, and not "come the officer over him" too much, and the description he gives of a soldier's life in barracks or out of it has never been surpassed for truthness to life. He takes us right through the soldier's years' career, from the day he joins until he becomes an expired man. He tells us of his life in the barrack-room, guard, at play, in the hospital, in church and in prison, and illustrates with many amusing anecdotes and episodes, showing us a private soldier in every phase of his many-sided character. The book is as amusing as it is instructive, and should help many have a true appreciation of "Tommy Atkins" in times of peace when, as Kipling says for them:—

We ain't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too. But simple men in barracks, most remarkably like you.

"Mr. Thomas Atkins." By E. J. Hardy, M.A. (Unwin.)

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KEATING'S POWDER.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

MOST of the men who are serving in South Africa, whether officers or soldiers, are young, and some of them are not especially discreet. There are those who write to friends at home repeating the camp criticism and gossip which had better be left unrecorded, and many of those who receive these letters show them, and some allow extracts to be published in the newspapers. It is natural that the military authorities resent being criticised by their subordinates, and it is advisable to let the latter know that many of them make a mental note of the names of those who do so. Those who write and those who receive letters from the front should be warned that many a promising career may be ruined by the indiscretion of the one or of the other.

Camp criticism and gossip is as frequently unintelligent and unfounded as is criticism and gossip in ordinary circumstances. It is obvious that the qualities which make a man a good officer in times of peace are not always those which make him a good officer in the field. The man in the club and the woman in the drawing-room are speaking harshly of officers who have acquired great reputation in times of peace, but who have not maintained that reputation in the war. It is a far cry from South Africa to London, and the amateur critics at the front tell widely different stories. It would be more generous to say little until we know much: at present many are saying much who know little.

Sir George White has returned to England, and it is to be hoped that a Barony before his name, and the descriptive phrase "of Ladysmith" after his name, will soon perpetuate the memory of his achievements in South Africa. In command of a comparatively small force Sir George successfully resisted the Boer advance into Natal, and it is inexplicable that the Government has waited so long to recognise officially the splendid service which he has rendered to



LORD ARDILAUN
Who has bought the Killarney Estate



THE LATE MR. F. O. CRUMP, Q.C.
Formerly Editor of the *Law Times*



THE LATE SIR W. PRIESTLEY, M.P.
Distinguished Physician

Our Portraits

SIR WILLIAM OVERPRIESTLEY, M.P., F.R.C.P., was the son of Joseph Priestley, of Morley, and a grandnephew of the chemist of the same name was born in 1829, and educated at Edinburgh, College, and Paris, gained great distinction as a physician, and held important official appointments, being in succession Physician-Lecturer at Middlesex Hospital, Professor of Obstetric Medicine at King's College, Consultant-Physician at King's College Hospital, Physician-Accoucheur to the late Princess Alice, President of the Obstetrical Society of London. In 1891, as a Conservative, he was elected member of Parliament

for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in succession to Sir Charles Pearson, who was raised to the Scottish Peerage. To enumerate the professional honours which fell to Sir William Priestley in the course of his life would mean giving a list of the most distinguished prizes in the medical ranks of the country and abroad, and his literary contributions to the science of medicine were both numerous and important. Her Majesty selected him to be one of the physicians of the late Princess Alexandra of Hesse, and he was also one of the medical advisers of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In 1893 the Queen conferred knighthood on him in recognition of his distinguished services, on that occasion he received the congratulations of the medical profession. Sir William married, in 1856, Eliza, daughter of Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh. Our portrait is by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

Lord Ardilaun, the purchaser of the Killarney estate, is the eldest son of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and was created a baron in 1880. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Dublin. Lord Ardilaun was for some time M.P. for Dublin (C), and President of the Royal Dublin Society, and already owns some 31,000 acres. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Mr. F. O. Crump, Q.C., had not been in good health for some time, but his death was quite unexpected. Mr. Crump was in his sixtieth year. He became a barrister of the Middle Temple in 1867, was made a Queen's Counsel in 1885, and became a bencher five years later. For a considerable period he acted as editor of the *Law Times* and was an authority on insurance questions. Our portrait is by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

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"A MAKER OF NATIONS"

FEELING—we may legitimately suppose—that the development of novels of adventure has put it out of his or anybody else's power to meet the demand for new and unheard of perils without crossing the border of absurdity, Mr. Guy Boothby has hit upon an idea so old and long forgotten that it may claim to be as original as is possible in a world where there is nothing new under the sun. This happy notion is nothing less than to add to the excitement of adventure the interest of probability. Readers of "A Maker of Nations" (Ward, Lock, and Co.) will be surprised to find how much a little likelihood can do for such apparently unpromising material as the imaginary politics of an imaginary South American Republic, where an author might have been forgiven for entering into competition with—the trader may supply what name he will. There is originality, moreover, in the dilemma of conscience into which Mr. Boothby has plunged his hero. What is a man of honour to do who has become entrusted with the inmost secrets of a projected revolution, as one of its chief instigators and leaders, and suddenly discovers that its success will be an irreparable calamity. To whom is he to be the traitor—to those whom he has led into a rebellious conspiracy, or to those whom it is his duty to save from the men who have trusted him with their lives? We are not entirely satisfied with the course taken of the hero in question. But, however that may be, the situation has enabled the author to produce what we have no hesitation in calling his best and strongest story.

"A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY"

There never was such a spoilt—but also unspoiled—child of fortune as William Warburton, M.D., the hero of Mr. Herbert Adams's "A Virtue of Necessity" (Greening and Co.). Fresh from a highly successful career at the hospitals, he stepped at once

into a first-rate and lucrative West End practice, ready made for him by an uncle with a charming daughter ready to fall into the arms of the handsome and fascinating younger partner. He loved his profession, and he could not only compose beautiful songs, but sing them to others' pleasure as well as to his own. Finally, the mother of the yet more beautiful and charming girl to whom he

process is ingeniously complicated with the portraiture of Gabriel Jowlett, who has invented a new and profitable line by getting hold of people's secrets and so enabling him to combine the vocations of seer and blackmailer. The amusing enough, and it is quite easy to skip the author's youthful rediscoveries of ancient platitudes.

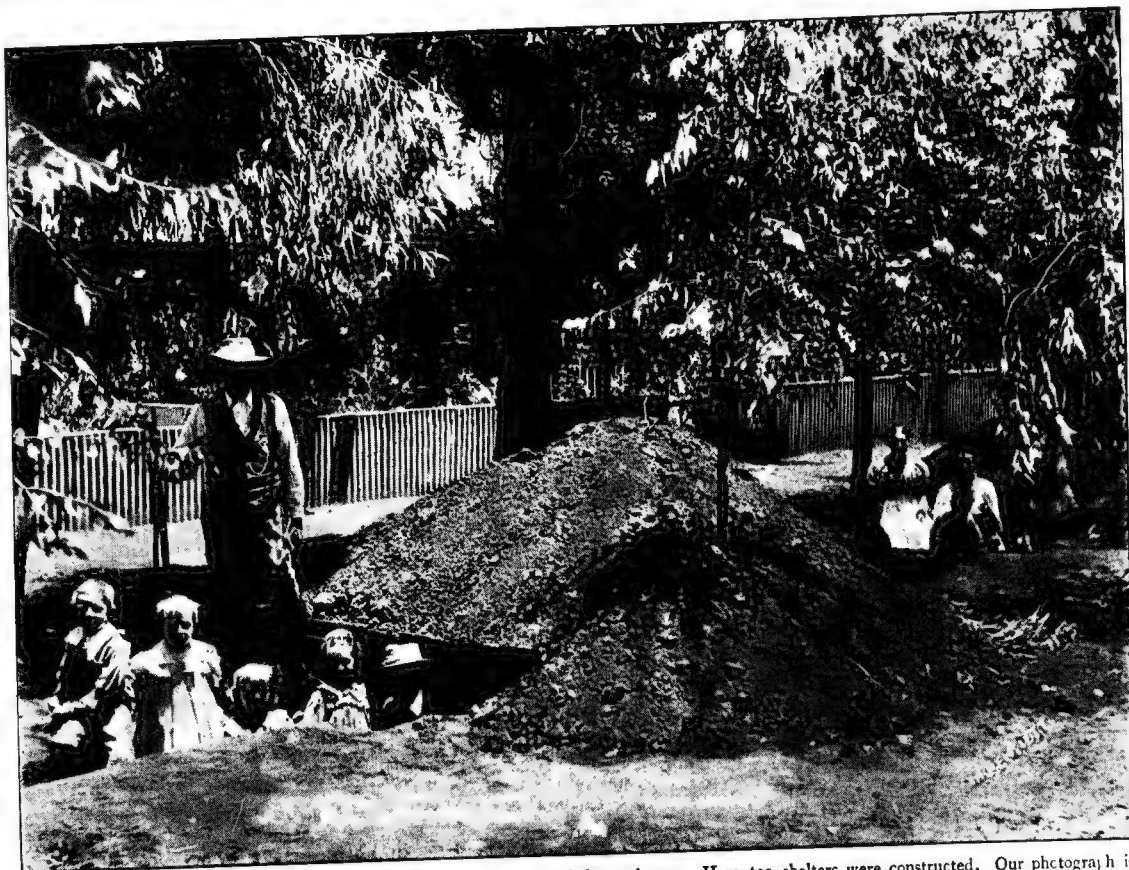
"MARVELS AND MYSTERIES"

Mr. Richard Marsh's "Marvels and Mysteries" (Methuen & Co.) are very marvelously mysterious indeed. So they may be meant to make creep, as seems to be the case at least one or two, in order to defeat their purpose of extravagance more likely to form a stare into a smile, ingenuitly, however, is by dint of its daring; any rate, one of the novels "Used against Him," more powerfully than how an evil conscience to its owner could he to the possession of another.

"THE REBEL"

Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, whose memoir by his son, Hilary Mace, Mr. H. B. Watson writes of under the title of "The Rebel" (W. Heinemann), was evidently a dangerous lunatic to be kept at large, even in a storm. His portrait seems to be partially suggested by Shaftesbury, but whatever may have existed in the Duke's brain has been enlarged into a fissure. The plot is undoubtedly an exciting contribution to unwritten history. It centres round the main—apart from the Duke of York's rebellion—of a life-and-death struggle between the Duke and the Earl for the possession of a

and unprotected girl who has fired the passions of the former, which is quite enough to make the latter her champion, even to an utterly Bedlamite anticipation of Sedgemoor. The Duke, on the other hand, pursues his intended victim with a levy of agents for such purposes, and his enemy with a gang of assassins recruited, one would imagine, from gentlemen who had served his Royal House at a much earlier period of its annals. Mr. Watson has again shown that he knows not only how to write an effective romance, but how to bring it to the most satisfactory possible end.



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THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLY: A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER AT KENILWORTH

had given his heart turned out to be a kleptomaniac—which was the crowning good luck of all. For she was the wife of an Earl and Cabinet Minister, and had she not been rescued by Dr. Warburton from prosecution by a tradesman in Oxford Street (the villain of the piece, and about as villainous as a villain can be), she would never have consented to what she considered a *mésalliance* with a physician, however professionally fashionable and socially eligible. How the latter saves the Countess Mr. Adams has won the right of telling for himself. The




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Rural Notes

EASTERTIDE

THE wind on Good Friday was nearly a gale, but it moved the clouds on before the afternoon, and the evening was exceedingly beautiful, with a very fine sunset to incarnadine what, save in the west, was a regular spring sky of clear Cambridge blue. The three following days of Easter and of holiday were scarcely guilty of that inclemency which we notice one of the dailies brought against them for an accusation. The temperature, 53 deg., was not low, and the month of April in England seldom encourages "sitting out of doors." The showers were local, the genial if strong wind were the general conditions. The first spring birds arrived with the close of Lent, those that were in time to keep Good Friday with us being the chit-chat, cuckoo's messenger, wheatear and blackcap, while the cuckoo was seen as well as heard (we distrust merely "heard cuckoos") on Easter Monday at Shanklin, and the swallow was seen at Exeter on Easter Day. The sandmartin has also arrived and is already in some numbers along the South Devon coast from Exmouth to Torquay. The forest trees are very backward this year, but the chestnut is at last covered with its gummy knobs of leaf-buds, and the lilac, laburnum and sweetbriar are all showing signs of the spring awakening. The narcissus has been with us for a month as a Scillonian and Penzance product, but during the last few days a few have blossomed in the open gardens near London. The jonquils and later daffodils are also out, and open-air hyacinths commence to make a goodly show.

FARMERS AND SPORT

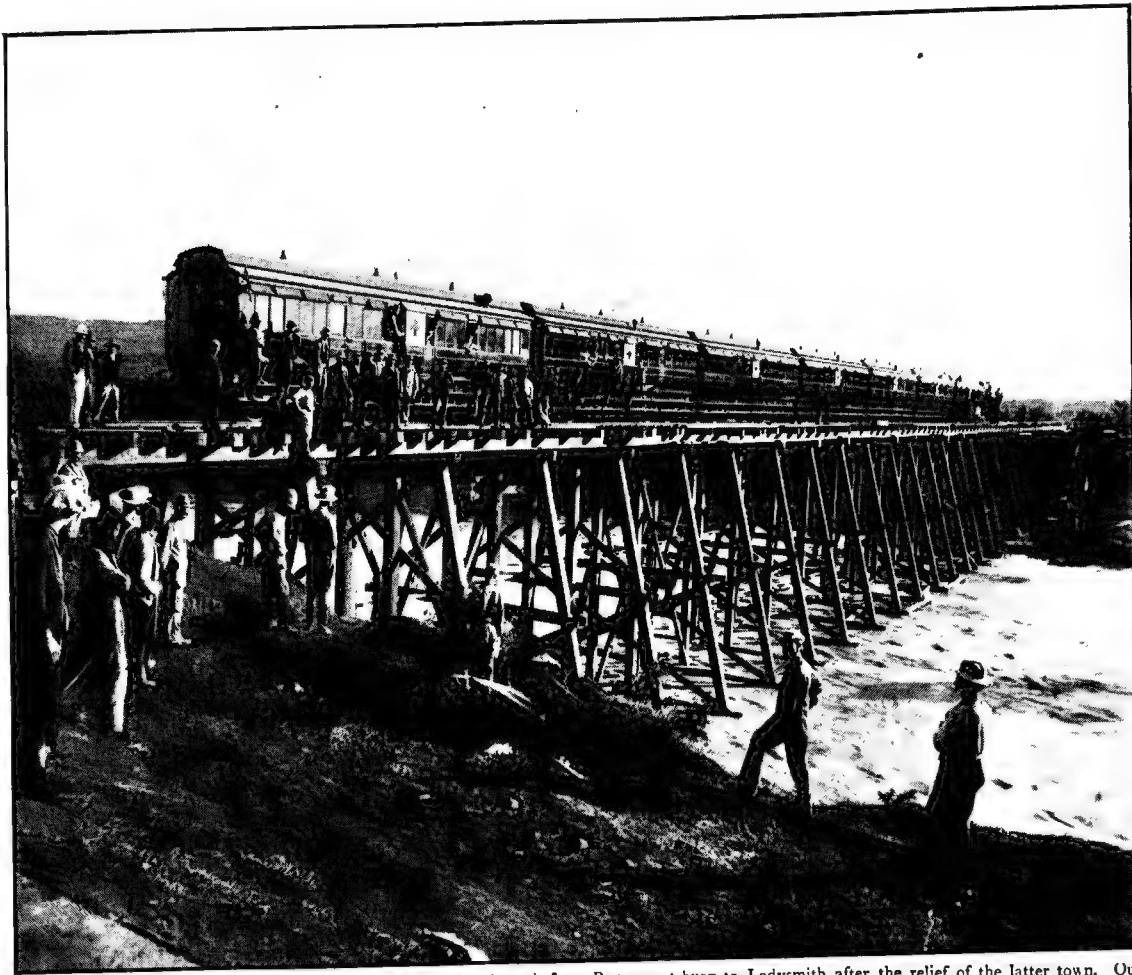
A recent case as to the "trespass" committed by pheasants reveals a curious state of feeling among farmers. The farmer in this case had the right to shoot the birds; in fact it was suggested that he should do so, but he preferred to sue the owner of a neighbouring property for not "restraining" his birds. The judge, following a legal precedent of some standing, stated that when pheasants are bred as poultry in large numbers and kept in coops they become

egally poultry, and must be "restrained," but if they are allowed to breed and feed naturally in the woods no action will be taken. The bad blood caused by these local cases is great, yet the law is very fair, and provides that neither side shall eat the cake and have it too. If the birds are poultry the farmer must not kill and eat them, but he can charge for any damage done. If the birds are not

If we have as good a judge it is Mr. Albert Pell. Yet from a survey of precisely the same character these men of practical experience and trained observation arrive at exactly opposite conclusions. Mr. Street thinks that English farming is going down, that farmers are, as a class, losing ground. Mr. Pell not only traverses this as regards the pastoral districts, but affirms that even arable farming is going down as a whole. It is hardly a case where the truth lies between the two extremes. Is there then any possibility of reconciling the evidence in this interesting case of "Street vs. Pell"? We fancy that there is. Let us take the example of our big public schools with their classes of one to fifty boys. Is it not a curious observation that a sound average education is becoming rarer and rarer, that while the clever get on more and more and are able to pass tests of superior educational stiffness, the common and inattentive boys leave school with an ignorance almost incredible? This we cannot fancying is what is taking place in agriculture: the really able and well-endowed farmers are making money, while the rank and file are going more and more to the wall. The evolutionist will at first regard this with unconcern, but the situation is really serious, so that the prosperous farmers are in no way likely to take over the difficult and neglected lands. It does not pay to fatten up an animal that has been neglected; to redempt derelict acres may repay a pursuer—sometimes—but a tenant never.

THE SITUATION OF FARMS

Much of the agricultural trouble which prevails is of the farmer's own making, so to speak. The causes, for example, which have planted Bristol in the extreme north-east of Somerset, and Plymouth in the extreme south-west of Devon, are in no way agricultural, yet their effect on county farmers is very great. The farms within easy cartage distance of Plymouth or Bristol can find a prompt market for all they can produce, and on articles like fresh milk, eggs, vegetables, and even flowers, can secure a very satisfactory profit. Farmers of equal soil and climate, men, too, of ability in cultivation, but placed thirty miles from a city, have a hard struggle to live. The distribution of population is the governing factor nowadays.



Princess Christian's Ambulance Train was the first to pass through from Pietermaritzburg to Ladysmith after the relief of the latter town. Our illustration is from a photograph by S. S. Watkinson, and shows the train crossing, on March 19, the temporary trestle bridge built over the Tugela at Colenso.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S AMBULANCE TRAIN CROSSING THE NEW TUGELA BRIDGE

poultry there is no charge for damage, but the farmer can protect himself by his gun and replenish his pot with the feathered foe.

HOW FARMERS NOW STAND

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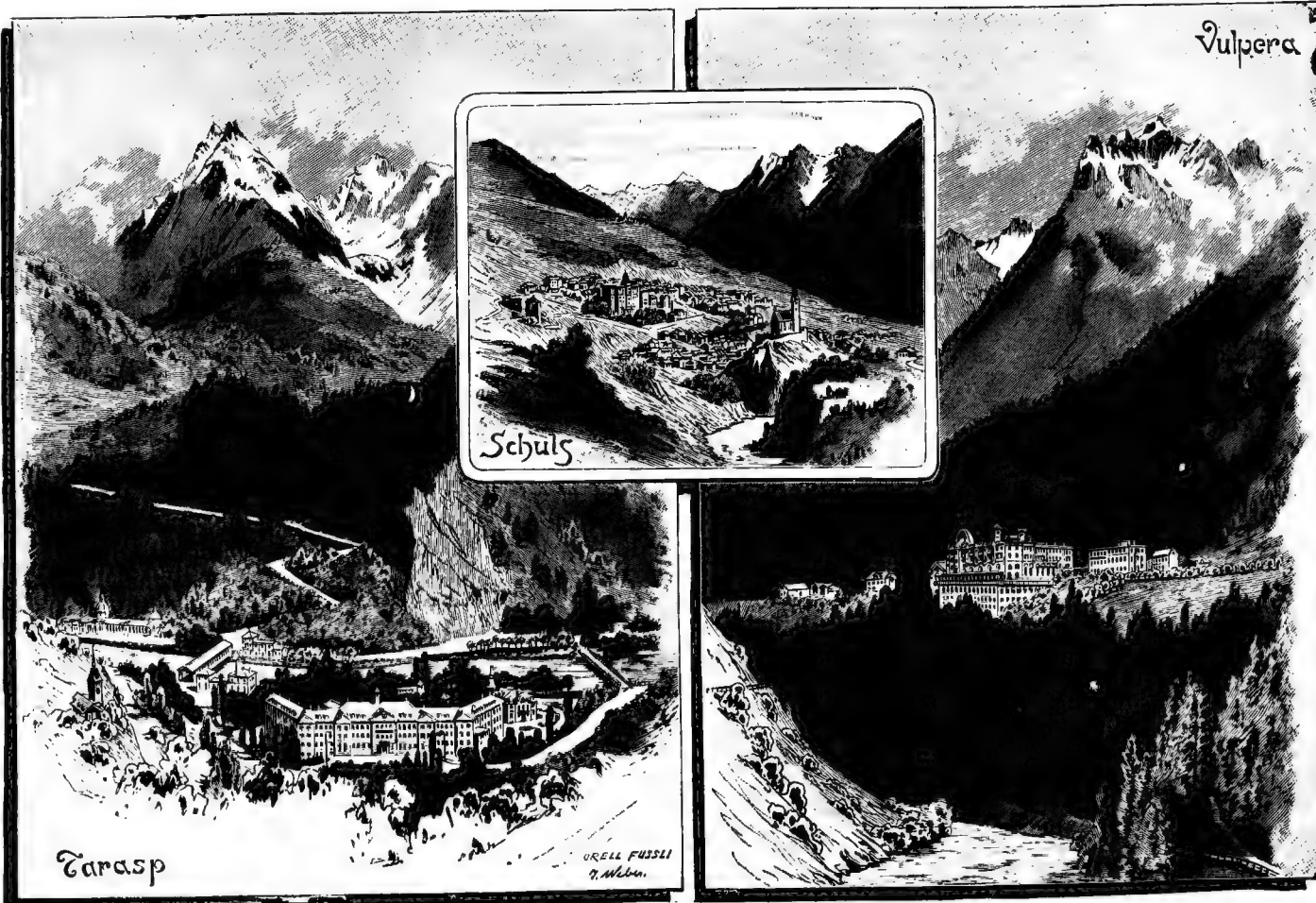
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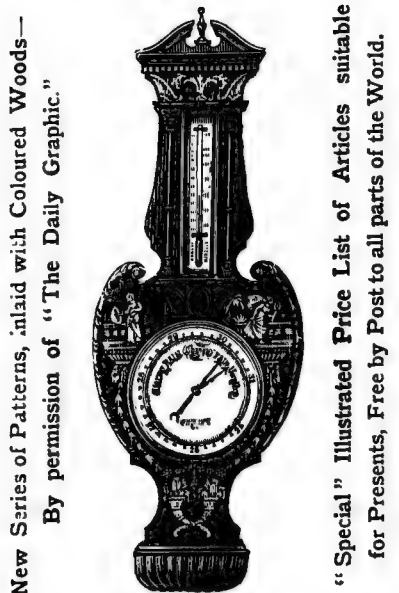
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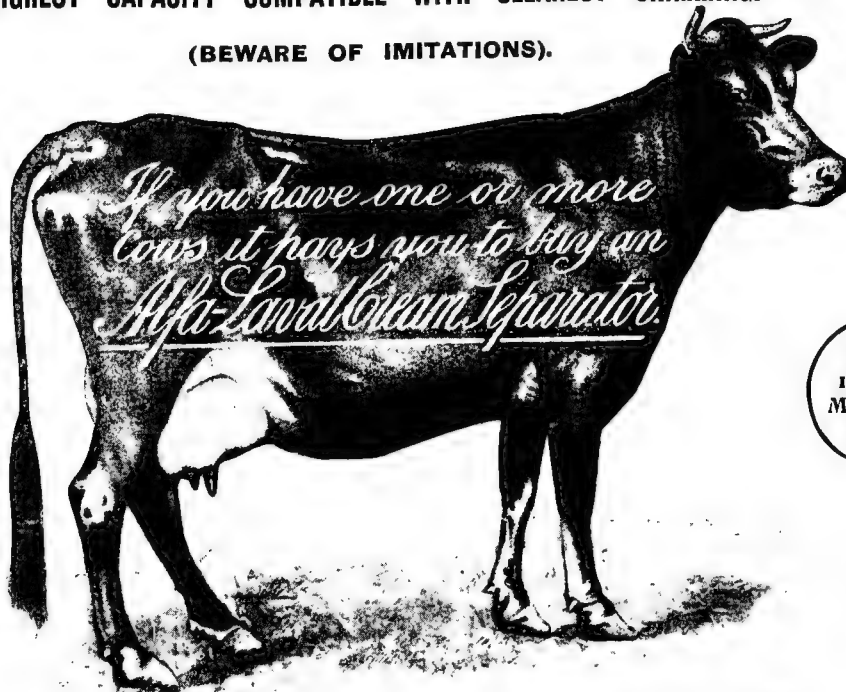
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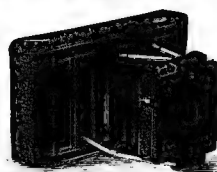
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MR. BAILLIE-GROHMAN is a recognised authority on big-game shooting, and an accomplished writer, and a volume from his pen is always sure of a hearty welcome from sportsmen of all kinds. The present volume deals with fifteen years of his life spent on the Pacific Slope—that is to say, he spent the majority of each of these years out there, making British Columbia his home. His first four or five seasons were exclusively devoted to big-game shooting. Unfortunately the shooting he enjoyed in the "seventies" and early "eighties" is no longer to be obtained; the march of civilisation, combined with the wanton killing of animals, not for food or trophies, but for the mere pleasure of making big bags, has practically exterminated the big game of America. In all of his books, Mr. Grohman has severely condemned the unnecessary shooting of animals, and if other sportsmen had been as careful as he, we should not now be reading that almost the only wild game living in a natural state in America is to be found within "buffalo and elk proof wire fences" in the game parks of the millionaires.

One of the most interesting chapters in the volume is that on the "Fifteen Years' Sport and Life in Western America and British Columbia." By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. (Horace Cox.)

"Antelope Goat of the Pacific Slope." This animal, even in the present day, is hardly known in Europe. The author claims to be the first person to have published in Europe accounts based on personal experience of the shooting of adult males of the species. No zoological gardens of America or Europe possesses a live specimen, and, as far as his researches go, in only three museums in the world are stuffed representations to be found. The writer himself found it no easy matter to get at the animal in its native mountains. "For three years," he says, "I have hunted on the breezy mountain ranges of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and eastern Montana, but I have failed utterly to find my game elsewhere than in the imagination of romancing trappers and guides." He heard a number of tales about them, men said they had "shot, knifed, lassoed, and stalked them," and had in turn been "gored, spitted, treed, butted, and trampled on" by redoubtable old rams, but yet no one could lead him to where they were to be found. At last he heard from a trustworthy friend that he had seen what was next best to a live antelope goat—and that was a dead one. Mr. Grohman started off at once, and after travelling for days over fearfully rough ground, and up tremendous heights, he and his party succeeded in bagging fifteen, of which nine fell to his own rifle.

In other chapters Mr. Grohman deals with the moose, caribou,

bear, bison, and other game too numerous to mention here, and Mrs. Baillie-Grohman contributes an exceedingly amusing chapter on the servant question in that part of the globe, and which she entitles "The Yellow and White Agony." The author has spared himself no pains in order to be able to give an authentic and thoroughly up-to-date list of all the record trophies, with full measurements and details, that have been acquired by different sportsmen and collectors. The volume is exceedingly well illustrated with photographs, and contains some interesting reproductions of old prints.

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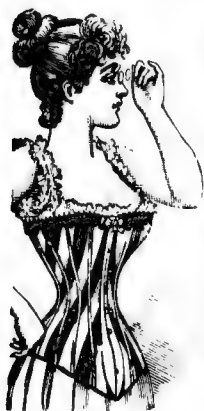
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nothing of long tramps—before this comparatively small collection of plates could be obtained, totalled up to something like ten thousand miles, but it brings the two books within measurable distance of being complete photographic record of the breeding-places of all British birds. Mr. Kearton, who belongs to the best type of naturalists, says a strong word—and one would like to think it will be productive of good—against the ruthless collector, who is doing his very best to exterminate our rarer birds; and it is not much to the credit of naturalists and the public generally that the authors have been compelled to refrain from giving either in picture or letterpress anything which should serve to identify the locality of the breeding haunt of any rare bird. Not one, but many, of the worst type of collector would else descend on the spot like vultures, and the world of nature would be the poorer. The illustrations, which again are produced in a manner worthy of all praise, include the breeding-places of such uncommon birds as marsh, montagu and hen harriers, kite, whimbrel, siskin, crossbill, chough, Kentish plover, osprey, and red-

necked phalarope. ("Our Rarer British Breeding Birds: Their Nests, Eggs and Summer Haunts." By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., with about 70 illustrations from photographs by Cherry Kearton. Cassell and Co.)

Two Books About Ruskin

In a handy and comprehensive little volume Mr. M. H. Spielmann has given a brief account of the life, work, and opinions of the great art critic. The volume, which contains numerous illustrations and portraits, is based upon an essay written for *The Graphic*, but this has been amplified and very much new material added, so that, though the book may be but an outline, it gives an excellent picture within small compass. The several chapters deal with Ruskin as

writer, artist, teacher, poet, and with all the aspects of a life which had as many facets as a diamond, while the sketches of Ruskin's character, temperament, and home life shows an intimate acquaintance with and appreciation of the author's subject. An interesting correspondence and a paper contributed some time since to the *Magazine of Art*, entitled "The Black Arts," dealing more or less fragmentarily with the probable effect of the tremendous growth of etching, engraving, and photography. ("John Ruskin." By M. H. Spielmann. Cassell and Co.) Mr. Collingwood's "Life and Work of John Ruskin" (Methuen and Co.) is a rewritten and modified version of the life published in 1893 in two large volumes. The new version contains much new biographical matter, less of exposition of Ruskin's teaching, while the story of the life has, of course, been brought up to the finish in two or three very sympathetically written concluding chapters. The book is a very compact and concise biography admirably filling in the detail with which Mr. Spielmann's scholarly little appreciation does not attempt to deal.

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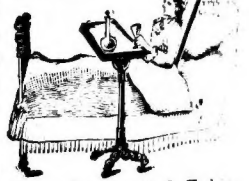
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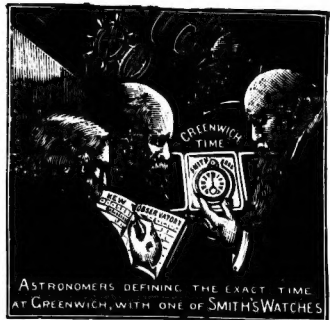
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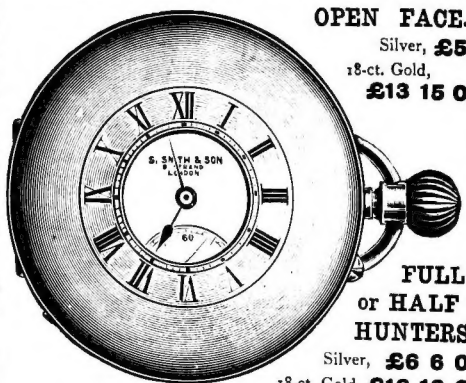
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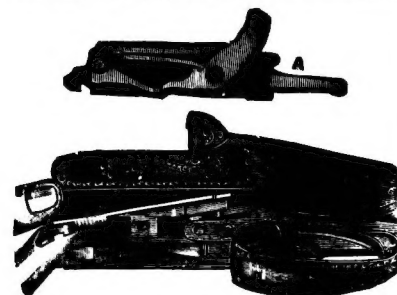
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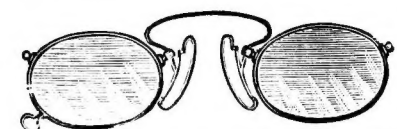
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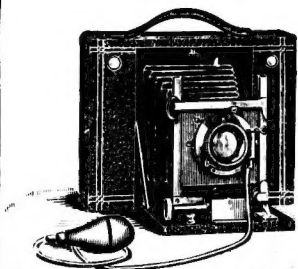
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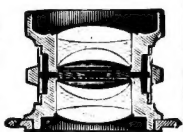
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